

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

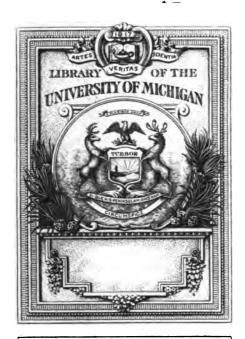
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

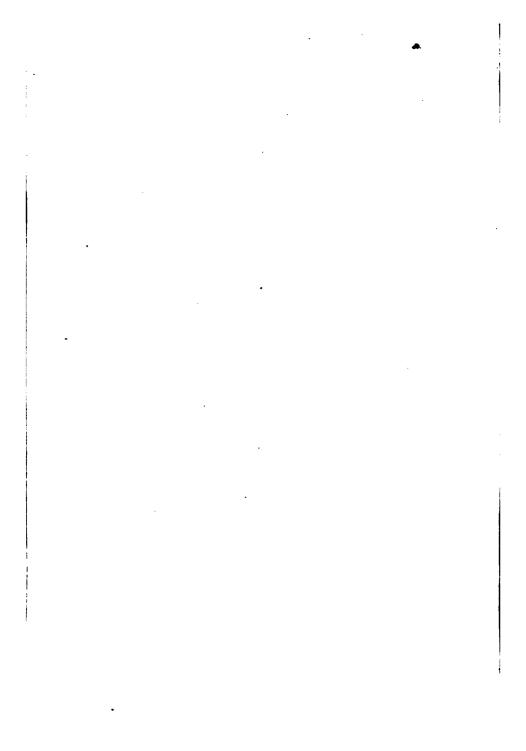
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

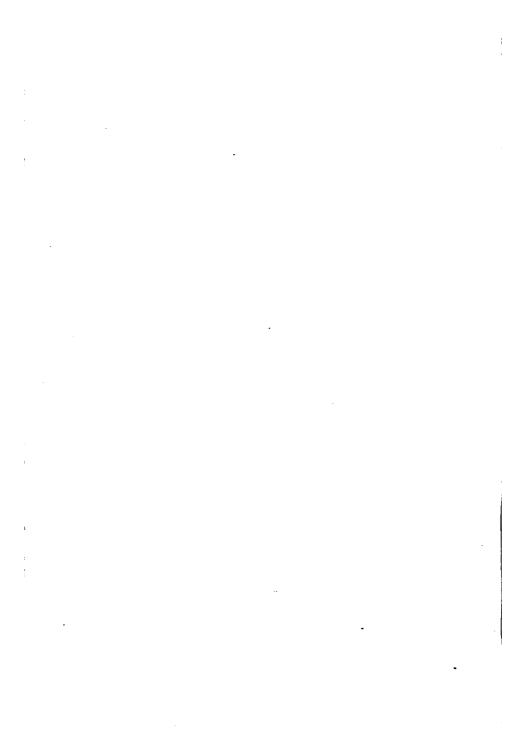


THE GIFT OF
Wendell B. Baker





THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN





Dr. E. A. Sturge.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

BY

ERNEST ADOLPHUS STURGE, M. D., PH. D.

Honorary Member of the Imperial Educational Society of Japan.



TOKYO
THE YURAKUSHA

1905

All rights reserved.

5934sp Wendel B. Bahrer 7-21-54

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

•						
Preface, by Count Shigen Preface, by Mayor Yukio Preface, by Mr. Iichiro T Preface, by the Author	Oza okut	ki omi		 •••	•••	ΧI
	Part	t I.				
The S	pirit	of Ja	pan.			
The Spirit of Yamato.				 		I
The Creation of Japan.				 		2
Birth of the Gods						
The Pouting Sun Goddes	ss.			 		5
Susano Kills the Dragon				 		6
The Emperor's Three Tr	easu	res.		 . ; .		7
The Emperor's Flower.				 		8
The Thunder God				 		9
The Wind God				 		9
Cause of Earthquakes.				 		10
Nature Worship				 		10
The Emperor's Birthday				 		11
The Good Emperor	•••		•••	 		12
The Girls' Day				 		13

						P	age.
The Boys' Day	• • •	• • •	•••		•••		14
The Seventh Night							15
Bon or the Feast of Lanter	rns.						16
Match Making			• • •	• • •		•••	18
The Tea Ceremony	.						19
Masamune's Swords		•••					20
The Samurai's Children.							2 I
A Japanese Belle							23
A Japanese Nobleman's D	ream	ì.					24
Japanese Wall Decorations	i.						26
Japanese Art							27
The Three Monkeys							27
Japanese Dreams of the H							28
Japan's Half Century of Pr							29
Paganese Legends	art I and		orica	l Eve	ents.		
Urashima							31
Daruma							35
The Six Jizo							
Masashige Kusunoki							37
Ikkyu, the Buddhist Sage							3 9
The Priest's Sacrifice							40
Adventures of Hayakawa.							42
Kano, the Lightning Artis							44
Kiku's Spirit							46
Araki, the Fencer							
A Test of Love							

Part III.

Japanese 1	Favo	rite	Flov	vers,	Tree	s and	Bire	ds.	
Tri Tri								•	Page
The Plum						• • •			53
The Lotus									54
Morning-Glories									. 55
The Chrysanther	num				• • •	•••			56
The Cherry		• • •							57
The Maple									58
The Wistaria									59
The Iris									60
The Bamboo									61
The Pine									62
The Willow.									63
The Peony									63
The Pomegranat									64
Tender Feelings	of J	apan	ese f	or F	lower	s			65
The Perfect Flow									6
A Japanese Nigh									66
The Lark									6;
The Swallow.									68
The Hototogisu.									69
The Crane									70
The Eagle									71
Reverence for A									71
1101010110110111	8	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	•••	,
		F	art	IV.					
	J	apan	ese S	Scene	ry.				
Matsu-shima.				•••	•••			•••	73
Kegon Waterfall									7/

					Page.
Fuji San		• • •	•••		 <i>7</i> 5
Have You Seen It?		•••		•••	 76
Reflection of Fuji San in L	ake Ha	akone	3.		 76
Lake Biwa					
The Inland Sea					
Nikko					
Pa	rt V.				
Humero	ous Poe	ems.			
The Prize Poem	· · · · · · ·				 81
The Farmer and the Looking	ng Glas	S.			 82
Quid Pro Quo					 84
The Three Travelers					 85
The Magic Fans					
Too Much of a Good Thing					
Arts Triumph					
Foxes					
Savonara					



ILLUSTRATIONS.

						:	Page.
Dr. E. A. Sturge						Fronti	piece.
The Spirit of Yamato.							I
The Birth of the Gods.							3
The Pouting Sun Godde	ss.						5
Susano Kills the Dragon	١						6
The Emperor's Three T	reasu	res					7
The Thunder God							9
The Wind God							9
Cause of Earthquakes					•••		10
The Emperor's Birthday							II
The Seventh Night							15
Masamune's Swords							20
A Japanese Belle							23
		•••	•••			•••	•
Japanese Wall Decoration		• • •	• • • •	• • •	• • •	• • • •	26
Urashima		• • •		• • •	• • •	• • •	31
Daruma.•				•••			35
Ikkyu, the Buddhist Sag	e						39
Kano, the Lightning Ar							44
Araki, the Fencer							48
A Test of Love							51
							71
•	•••					•••	•
Matsushima	• • •	• • •	• • •	• • •	• • •	• • •	73
Kegon Waterfall			• • •	• • •	•••	• • •	74
Savonara							96

. . .

PREFACE.



Doctor E. A. Sturge, the Author, is a gentleman of an unassuming nature, not inclined to the pursuit of fame and profit, and free from ostentation of any sort. He is a man of character and always receives with open arms all the aspiring young people that come to him. Those Japanese students who were fortunate enough to enjoy his tutelage have found in him a really zealous and helping father.

To express their appreciation and gratitude for his kindness, these young men some years ago compiled their benefactor's poems, having first obtained the consent of Mrs. Sturge, and dedicated the book to him in commemoration of the Fifteenth Anniversary of his Mission Work. At the same time, they raised a sum of money, which they offered Dr. and Mrs. Sturge in order to enable the latter to make a pleasure trip to Japan. The offer was gladly accepted, and it was thus Dr. Sturge came to visit Japan. While staying here he frequently honoured me with his visits, and on these occasions we enjoyed congenial conversation together.

Now that the revised edition of this charming collection of poems, with the addition of a number of new ones written after his visit to Japan, is in the press, the publishers have asked me to write a preface. A perusal of the poems showed me that the Author had for years past taken great interest in men and things Japanese, and had written poems upon various vernacular subjects before he had been in this country. These poems are 'The Spirit of Japan,' 'The Creation of Japan,' 'The Birth of the 'Gods,' 'The Cherry,' 'The Lotus,' 'The Morning Glory, ,The Nightingale,' etc. Upon his visit to Japan, the Author's keen poetical insight at once appreciated the beauties o, Fuji-San, Matsu-Shima and other picturesque landscapesf and their charms were rendered by him into English verse.

All these facts prove that the Author entertains an indefatigable zeal and unexcelled appreciation for Japan and the Japanese, which qualities have won for him the admiration and respect of the Japanese people both at home and abroad.

As for me, as I read these interesting and beautifu lines, my memories go back to the days of those delightfu conversations, and I feel as if I were again talking with his sweet and graceful personality. Thus I frankly note down what I feel from the bottom of my heart, and take this opportunity to express my profound respect and attachment to the Author.

COUNT SHIGENOBU ÖKUMA.

Waseda, Tokyo, August, 1905.

PREFACE.



I have been familiar with the name of Dr. Sturge for a long time, as it has been always coupled with the helping hand which our compatriots in America have never failed to find in him for the last twenty years. It is easy to speak of benevolence, which is, however, seldom carried out. The doctor mentioned little of his good deeds, but worked much for the sake of benevolence. He helped hundreds of our young men to obtain means to prosecute their studies for which purpose they had gone abroad. Before I knew him personally, therefore, I had entertained a most profound respect and admiration for his personality.

Last spring when he came to Japan, I received from a friend of mine a copy of the collection of his poems on the theme of things Japanese. The book told me that he was a poet of no mean order in addition to being a great philanthropist, and my respect for him was greatly increased.

Subsequently when I became personally acquainted with him, my admiration was still more intensified. Now

that he lives on the other side of the Pacific, I am deprived of the pleasure of seeing him frequently, but whenever I open this volume of poetry I feel as if I were with him.

The revised edition of the book being on press, I take this opportunity to express my respect and admiration for the author.

YUKIO OZAKI.

Tokyo City Office, August 1905.



PREFACE.



Last year I had the honour of seeing the Author and Mrs. Sturge, and of being present at the gathering which was held to welcome these our American benefactors, I also had the pleasure of delivering an address of welcome on the occasion.

That Dr. Sturge is a good friend of Japan and the Japanese is evident from the fact that His Majesty the Japanese Emperor has been pleased to decorate him with an unasked-for order of merit. Dr. Sturge is not an official, a diplomat, or a business man, but simply a good friend of Japan, and it was solely for this reason that he was decorated.

This is not, however, the sole proof of his friendship for Japan. What is better than that, is the existence of a very large number of persons who were once under the Doctor's tutelage, and who are ever so deeply grateful to him. We find, in the sterling character and refined culture of the respected author, a precious fount of light and leading for this side of the Pacific.

A still better testimonial proving Dr. Sturge to be

the good friend of this country and its people, is the publication of this collection of his poems. Upon the perusal of this beautiful book, one must be instantly convinced how truly the Author loved Japan, and how thoroughly he understood her. Whether he understood Japan so well by reason of having first loved her, or whether it is that he loved Japan because he so well understood her, I do not know. Perhaps his love and understanding of Japan developed side by side, the one aiding the other's growth. Without loving one cannot fully understand her, and in the same way without thoroughly knowing her, one cannot love her well.

I am not in a position to appreciate these poems from the literary point of view. What specially appeals to me in this collection is the Author's wonderfully developed versatility of taste in his selection of subjects. His method of treating these subjects is, however, in no way too abstruse or beyond the scope of the ordinary reader, but is quite simple and plain; and in that very simplicity and plainness are revealed the pure force of sincerity, depth of feeling and keenness of insight.

Many poets have written of Japan, yet none, it seems to me, have depicted the life and thought of the Japanese with such true comprehension. Rai San-yo, one of the best national poets Japan ever produced, sang with penetrating insight of the Japanese Spirit as brought out by historical

events, yet he could not attain the present Author's manysided excellence in his poetical sphere. I cannot help thinking it wonderful that Dr. Sturge was able to gain such extensive varied and accurate views of men and things Japanese during his very limited stay in this country, where he did not even lead the life of a Japanese.

While it may be far from exhaustive, yet no reader of this work can fail to see, to a certain extent, how the spiritual Japan and material Japan have been acting and re-acting. It may be that the charms and revelations of Japanese history and life are much more varied and complex than might be thought from these verses. Still, the most of the Truth, the Goodness, and the Beauty of Japan are delightfully revealed in them

Comparatively speaking, Dr. Sturge's poems may be classed with those of the Chinese poet, Haku Raku Ten. They mostly expound simple truths in plain language, and not a few are wholly descriptions of facts as they are, without any colouring or added glamour from the poet's own imagination. But such simple narration of facts can constitute in itself a real poetry, the reader himself reading into it the morals, charms and inspirations that suggest themselves from the simple story, according to each individual's own poetical capacity of comprehension.

"Poetry," said Matthew Arnold, "is the criticism of life." If by criticism is meant the drawing out of the

truth, the goodness and the beauty, the present collection has certainly fulfilled the object in view.

Japanese who read the poems will feel as if standing before a mirror, looking at themselves. They must undoubtedly be uplifted by the aspiration to live up to this high ideal, to make themselves worthy children of the historic Dai Nippon. For people other than the Japanese, the book throws a penetrating light on the problem, 'What Japan and the Japanese really are!' The work will help greatly to a thorough understanding, which is Japan's long-cherished wish as regards the outer world.

Thus there is every reason to welcome the publication of this work and to express warm congratulations I am fully confident that all the intelligent people of my country will be of the same mind as I am, and will unite with me in wishing god-speed to this happy endeavour of the Author as well as the publishers.

IICHIRO TOKUTOMI.

The Kokumin Shimbun Office, Tokyo, August, 1905.



PREFACE.

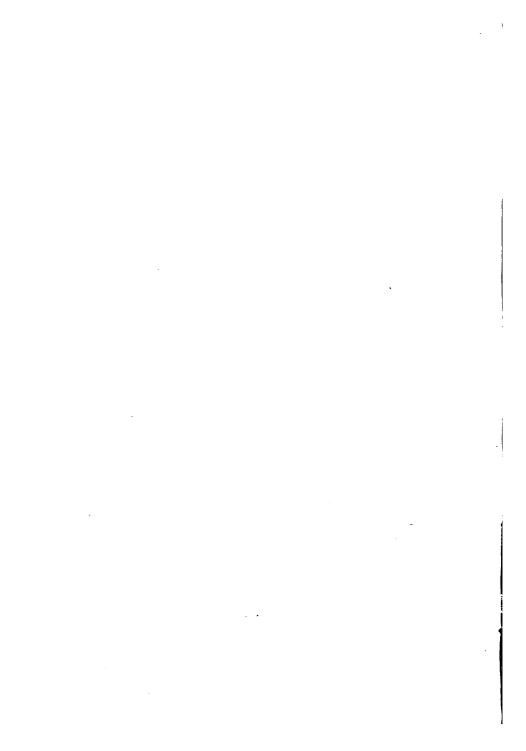


In Kameido temple grounds, there are wistaria vines so ancient, that their stems are hoary with the lichen of centuries. These vines are festooned from arching brigdes and trained upon extensive trellises built over the glassy surface of the lake. This sheet of water is nature's mirror, reflecting the magnificent purple clusters, many of which are over three feet in length.

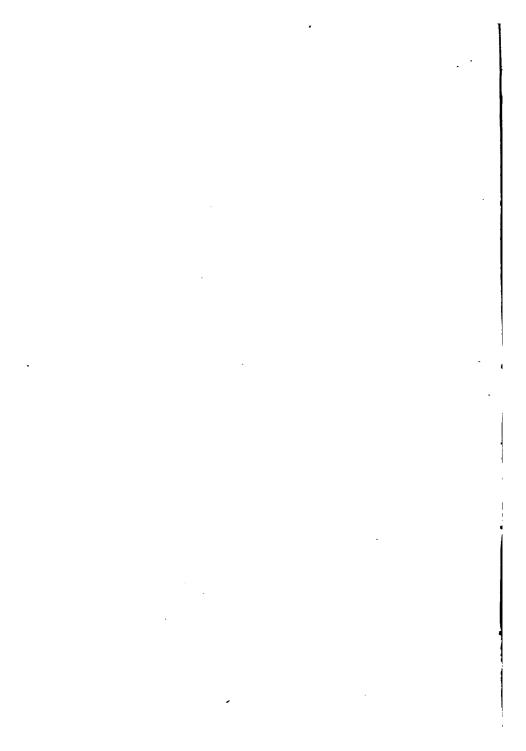
Looking down into the water, one seems to see a forest of blossoms. In and out among the leaves and flowers glide the great, lazy goldfish forming a truly beautiful picture. This volume is simply a quiet pool, reflecting something of the beauty of old Japan, typified by the ancient but lovely wistaria. If there is anything attractive in the reflections here presented, all its honor belongs to the Japanese, who have revealed to the author visions, which because of their beauty and moral teaching seem worthy of the thoughtful attention of the people of all nations.

E. A. STURGE.











"The magnificent petals that quickly fall
To the samurai's spirit speak of death."

		,
,		•
	,	
	·	
		. •

The Spirit of Japan



THE SPIRIT OF YAMATO.



When the sun ascends the eastern sky,
And the cherry blooms perfume the air,
There is something comes to the Samurai
Like the voice of an incense-laden prayer;
And a whisper says: "It is sweet to die
At the Master's call; but never fly."

With their delicate fleeting, fragrant breath,
The magnificent petals that quickly fall,
To the Samurai's spirit speak of death,
For they say in language known to all:
"We relinquish our hold on the parent trees,
And we fall at the call of the morning breeze."

CREATION OF JAPAN.



A god and goddess took their stand
Upon the floating bridge that spanned
The heaving, shoreless sea,
Until that time, we understand
Was water only, for the land
Had not begun to be.

Thus, standing o'er the wide expanse
Of sea, the god thrust in his lance;
At once the drops congealed.
Then, lo! that matchless chain of isles
Which stretches full two thousand miles,
In beauty stood revealed.

There stood the mountain crowned with snow,
The azure lakes reposed below,
Like mirror for the skies,
The waterfalls and streams that gleam,
And fields and woods in living green,
In nature's fairest dyes.

All other lands are from the foam
Of ocean made; Japan alone
Came from the jeweled spear.
No wonder that this land most blessed,
The first created and the best,
To Japanese seems dear.



"A god and goddess took their stand Upon the floating bridge that spanned The heaving, shoreless sea."



THE BIRTH OF THE GODS.



Two heavenly beings, called Yo and In, Stepped down from the rainbow bridge, To the beautiful earth, undefiled with sin; And sacred to many since then has been The bold Kirishima's ridge.

Then Yo on the left side, and In on the right,
Explored the magnificent isle,
So lately awakened from chaos and night.
Through paradise crowded with every delight,
They wandered for many a mile.

They circled the beautiful island to meet
Again on the opposite shore;
"To meet such a lovely companion is sweet!"
The goddess exclaimed, in her joy to greet
Her heavenly lord once more.

The goddess spoke first, as a goddess will, Which angered her spouse divine; Who, vexed at this liberty, bade her be still, And also to make, for opposing his will, The journey a second time.

They circled the island and met again
Once more on the other side;
"How sweet is the pleasure," cried Yo, who began,
"To meet such a goddess as you, in Japan!
Together now let us abide."

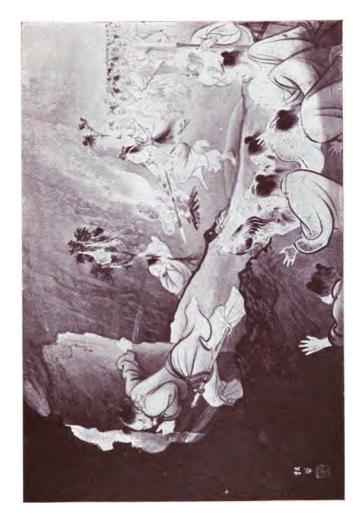
Thus, love had beginning, and from it there sprung
The gods and the people of earth;
The first was a daughter, the radiant sun,
Called Ama-Terasu, the glorious one,
Transferred to the sky from her birth.

The second, a daughter called Tsuki, the moon,
Resembling the sun, but less bright;
At first they reigned jointly, but poor Tsuki soon
Offended her sister, who ordered the moon
To show herself only at night.

The third was Hiruko, a cripple, and he
At three was unable to stand;
So making a boat from a sweet camphor tree,
They set him afloat on the wide open sea,
The first of the fisherman's band.

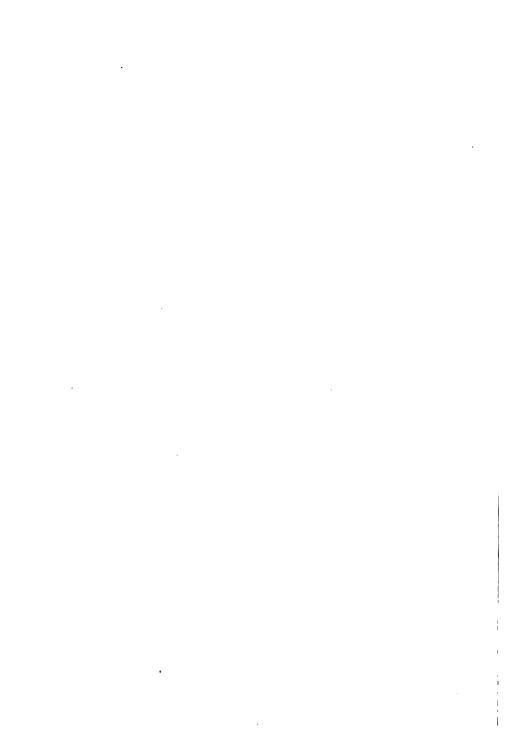
The fourth was a scape-grace, Susano by name, Who ruled o'er the great, restless sea; His spirit the gods were unable to tame; He trod down the rice-fields again and again, His sister had sown on the lea.

The gods of the mountains, the thunder and rain,
The gods of the rivers and earth,
The god of the winds and the god of flame,
With myriad others, too many to name,
From these we have mentioned had birth.



" A god with strong arms Held open the door of the cavern, and then They led out the goddess to daylight again."

,



THE POUTING SUN-GODDESS.



One day, as the sun-goddess sat at her loom, Her vexatious brother threw into the room A hide that was reeking, just stripped from a horse; The goddess was angry at conduct so coarse; She wept and she frowned, and in order to pout She entered a cave and refused to come out; But shutting herself in a adamant tomb, She left the poor world in the deepest of gloom.

The gods tried to coax the bright one to come out; They built her a palace both ample and stout; They made for her jewels and beautiful clothes, And also a mirror her charms to disclose; When all things were ready, they gathered before The mouth of her cavern, with adamant door; They played upon instruments, one danced and sang, The others all shouted till the heavens rang.

The sun-goddess wondered on hearing their glee, How could they rejoice and she absent. To see The cause of their mirth, she peeped out of the door, And saw in the mirror, which one held before, Her own lovely face; ne'er before were such charms Revealed by a mirror; a god with strong arms Held open the door of the cavern, and then They led out the goddess to daylight again.

The gods to her brother gave punishment dire; They plucked every hair from his head in their ire; They pulled out the nails from his fingers and toes; And banished the wretch to the kingdom of woes. The sun-goddess never again hid her light; She shines save when sleeping, which causes the night. Her sister called Tsuki instead then holds sway, Till cocks by their crowing awaken the day.

SUSANO KILLS THE DRAGON.



From the mountains there came,
In pursuit of fair game,
A fierce dragon of wonderful size;
Not content with one pate,
This huge monster had eight,
Each bestudded with great fiery eyes.

By the dragon appalled,
They Susano recalled
To protect them from their dreaded foe;
Which devoured all the maids
In his desperate raids,
And so filled the whole country with woe.

Unlike Hercules strong,
Or St. George famed in song,
Not with arms did he conquer the foe;
But with saké instead,
A great jar for each head,
Eight large vessels set out in a row.

Soon the beast came and drank;
In a stupor he sank,
Quite unable himself to defend;
He was easily slain,
To the nation's great gain,
'Twas through saké he came to his end.

From the tip of his tail,
With its coating of mail,
There protruded a wonderful sword
Of most marvelous strength,
This was given at length
To the sun-goddess, whom all adored.

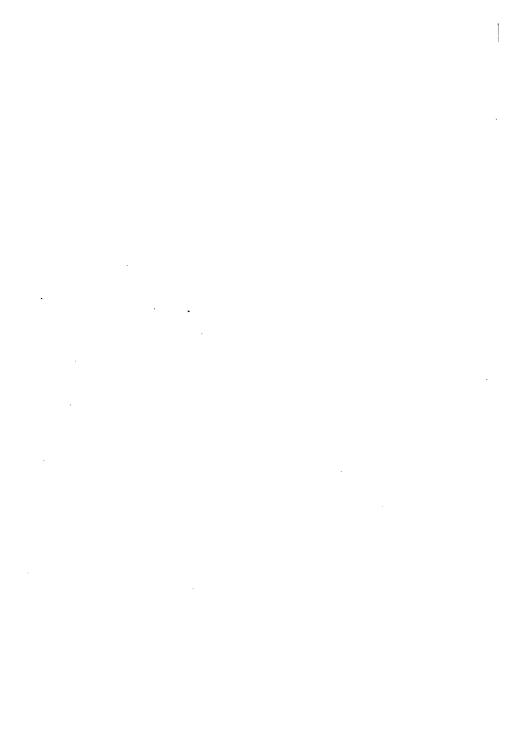


"Not content with one pate
This huge monster had eight
Each bestudded with great fiery eyes."

e e				
	·			
		•		



"Three treasures had the sun-goddess;
A mirror, sword and seal."



THE EMPEROR'S THREE TREASURES.



The soil of Nippon by the gods
Was trodden till at last,
They wearied of their earthly home,
Though by no land surpassed.
They climbed to Kirishima's ridge,
And stepped upon the swinging bridge;
And so to heaven passed.

The bridge was lifted very soon,
And carried far away;
Direct communication ceased
With heaven from that day.
Then one was from their number sent,
Who, in their stead, should represent
The gods of early sway.

Three treasures had the sun-goddess,—
A mirror, sword and seal.

The first was made by hands divine,
From heaven's burnished steel;
The seal, which curious art displayed,
Was from a stony substance made,
But very smooth to feel.

The sword was from the dragon's tail,
The monster as you know,
With eight huge heads, and which was slain
By valiant Susano.
The sun-goddess these treasures three
Gave to her grandson Ninigi,
To carry down below

"This mirror in appearance bears
Resemblance to me,"
The goddess said, "And when you wish
You there my face may see.
This sword so sharp is for your foes,
This stone is smooth, so deal with those
Who friendly prove to thee."

And so to earth these treasures came
With Ninigi divine,
To be the heritage of each
In the Imperial line,
Unbroken from that early day,
When o'er Japan the gods held sway,
Until the present time.

THE EMPEROR'S FLOWER.



How can the age of Meiji be expressed In floral beauty better than by one, The latest of the season, strongest, best, And loveliest of blooms, Chrysanthemum.



"The thunder god rides on the cloud And plays upon his arch of drums."

-	_				



"The mouth in his great fists he grasps."

THE THUNDER GOD.



The thunder god rides on the cloud,
And plays upon his arch of drums,
Producing music soft or loud;
And as he strikes, there often comes
A flash of vivid, blinding light,
Which turns to day the darksome sight.

THE WIND GOD.



The wind god carries on his back
The various winds held in a sack;
The mouth in his great fists he grasps;
He gives them exit, fast or slow,
And regulates the winds that blow,
From zephyrs to the raging blasts.

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.



A mighty cat-fish dwells within A cavern underneath Japan; This monster slippery of skin, Is not controlled by any man, But by a god; and even he Will sometimes fail to keep his grip Upon the fish, which would be free. An earthquake follows every slip.

NATURE WORSHIP.



The Shinto gods are deities
Of nature; this is why
The Japanese who worship these
Have reverence for the sky
And hills and valleys, woods and sea,
Which thrills their souls with poetry.

All nature to the Japanese
In sacred language speaks,
Through lakes and flowers, birds and trees,
And lofty mountain peaks;
So those who gaze on Fuji's crest
Have thoughts that cannot be expressed.



" An earth-quake follows every slip."

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTH-DAY.

(Observed in San Francisco.)



Hail, the Emperor's natal day!

Let the happy bells all ring!

While his loyal subjects say,

In their joy: "Long live the King!

Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

Fling the banners to the breeze!
Throw aside all vexing care!
Sweetest flowers adorn the trees,
Mingle incense with our prayer!
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

On this distant western shore
We would not forget the birth
Of the one whom we adore,
But exclaim with heart-felt mirth,
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

Happy is Mikado's Realm,
Safely sails the ship of state
While our Tenno holds the helm.
Echo from the Golden Gate,
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

THE GOOD EMPEROR



An Emperor named Nintoku,
About two thousand years ago,
Oft climbed his palace tower to view
The city, for he wished to know
The true condition of the land
From signs which all can understand.

One time he noticed little smoke
From chimneys, while the market place
Was quiet; and these symptoms spoke
Of great distress, the monarch's face
Was sad, though he possessed a throne,
His peoples' troubles were his own.

No tax for three long years he took;
His palace fell into decay;
Through broken roof the stars could look,
And through it streamed the light of day.
The Emperor made no lament,
But bore his part with sweet content.

At length, one day, he climbed the stair, And gazed upon a busy mart; And saw from chimneys everywhere The signs of plenty; then his heart Was filled with joy, though on a throne His subjects' welfare was his own.

"I'm rich," he said, on coming down,
The Empress looked up to the roof,
Then downward at her faded gown,
As though she sought in these a proof
Of what he said. "Yes, rich!" he cried,
"My peoples' welfare is my pride."



"Hail, the Emperor's natal day!"



THE GIRLS' DAY.



On the third of the third month the girls have their day, 'Tis a day filled with every delight: When they enter the parlor they see a display Of fine dolls, 'tis a wonderful sight.

There are dolls with which their great, great grandmother played,

Which preserved with great care year by year, Are arranged in their dresses of silk and brocade. 'Tis a vision to maidens most dear.

There are nobles and samurai with their two swords,
There are children with dresses so gay.
The good emperor looks from above on his lords,
And the sweet little maiden may play
And rejoice in these treasures on this day alone:
She may give them all sweetmeats and tea,
And may make all the courtiers bow down to the throne,
And be as happy as can be.

You may see in the parlor a peach blossom spray
Full of buds of most delicate pink:
They are emblems of sweet little maidens they say,
And of such things the Japanese think
In arranging their flowers on their festal days.
When the playmates come in for a call,
Fragrant tea and popped rice crisps on daintiest trays
Are enjoyed by the visitors all.

THE BOYS' DAY.



Everything about the boys' day,
On the fifth of the fifth moon,
Seems to say in plainest language,
"Arm for conflict." In the room
There are little suits of armor,
Banners in their little stands,
Emblems of victorious leaders,
Swords and spears for little hands.

Sword like iris plants with blossoms
Purple, yellow, sometimes white,
On this day adorn the dwelling,
In their language saying, "Fight!"
Boys with ropes of plaited iris
Thrash each other, and thus grow
Strong, and so are taught to conquer
In lifes' battle every foe.

In the yard there floats a monster
Carp, a mighty paper fish
Ten or sometimes even thirty
Feet in length. The parents wish
That their boys should learn to struggle
Like the carp against the stream,
Leaping all opposing rapids,
Not content with what is mean.



"To honor these, small bamboo trees Were set up near and far."

•

THE SEVENTH NIGHT.



The gentle maidens of Japan,
Upon the seventh night
Of what was called the seventh month,
Indulged in fancies bright;
On either side the heavenly tide
We call the milky way,
Two stars that glow, together flow,
Upon the seventh, they say.

The morning-glory one is called,
And one the weaver star,
To honor these, small bamboo trees
Were set up, near and far;
And lovely maidens tried to tell,
On colored papers bright,
The longings of their gentle hearts,
Upon the seventh night.

In olden times, instead of rhymes,
They hung up colored thread,
An offering to weaver star;
While fruits were given instead
To morning-glory. So the maids
Indulged in fancies bright,
And wrote their lines in simple rhymes,
Upon the seventh night.

"BON," OR THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.



In Japan the feast of lanterns,
On the thirteenth of the seventh month,
Had its origin as follows:
Once a famous priest of Buddha
Visited the land of hades,
Where he found his poor old mother.

On the first day of the seventh month He commenced his ceremonies, To release her from her torment; And his work proved so effective, That the thirteenth of the same month Saw her freed with countless others.

So each year upon the thirteenth, Into houses cleansed and garnished, Spirit friends are gladly welcomed. Then, arrayed in finest clothing, Many seek the cemeteries, There to give the invitation. Spirit friends are all invited

To their former homes to visit

For three days; and then with lanterns

They are o'er the road conducted

To their former habitations,

Where the welcome fires are blazing

There they find a feast provided,
Tea and saké, rice and other
Vegetable foods, for only
Such are used on this occasion.
Then for three days conversation
Is about the dear departed.

On the evening of the third day
Spirit friends again are lighted
To their lowly beds made fragrant
With sweet flowers. Soon the booming
Of the temple bell announces
For that year, the visit ended.

MATCH-MAKING.



Every year, upon the last day
Of the ninth month, the believers
In the Shinto faith assemble
At the shrines to hold their farewell
Meetings for gods of Nippon,
Who at that time make a journey.

In the province of Izumo,
At the grave of brave Susano,
Who laid low the fearful dragon,
Which devoured the maids of Nippon,
For a month the gods assemble,
To arrange for future bridals.

Here, unseen by earthly mortals, Gods select the youths and maidens Who will in the year to follow Be united to each other In the holy bands of wedlock. What an anxious time for lovers!

One month later, the disciples Meet at Shinto shrines to welcome Back the gods, and in the wooing, Which is always sure to follow, Urge that those by gods united, Men should not attempt to sunder.

THE TEA CEREMONY.



How queer it seems, a tea for men! It does seem rather strange, but then All things were strange in old Japan, And that's where teas like this began, Six hundred years so ago.

The tea was picked in early spring,
When things are fresh, and gay birds sing
Their sweetest songs; then stored away
In jars until the proper day,
Six hundred years or so ago.

They spoke of literature and art,
Made poems, each one taking part,
But never gossiped o'er their tea;
They set the pace for you and me,
Six hundred years or so ago.

All sipped the tea from one great bowl, A fragrant font, where soul met soul; 'Twas like communion in Japan; And that's where teas like this began, Six hundred years or so ago.

MASAMUNE'S SWORDS.



Masamune hated pelf,
But he welded his own self
Into every shining blade
That he made.
True as steel in which he wrought,
Pure as dew in every thought,
He impressed upon his art
His own heart.

Masamune's weapons gleam
Like a flashing mountain stream,
While upon their edge a haze
Ever plays,
Making those who but bebold
Shiver, for the blood runs cold,
Even in the warmest days,
When they gaze.

In the hands of sons of Mars
They will cut through iron bars,
Yet remain unnicked, unscarred,
Quite unmarred
His of all swords are the best,
As is proved by every test,
That can possibly be made
Of a blade.



"But he welded his own self Into every shining blade That he made."



Stand a Masamune sword In a brook, upon a ford, Let the edge but slightly lean 'Gainst the stream; Then a straw upon the tide It will certainly divide, If it strikes the weapon true, Into two.

THE SAMURAI'S CHILDREN.



When but five, they would say, "He must now learn the way Of his fathers, the samurai, Whether sunshine or rain, He must never complain, He's the son of a samurai," On a large checkerboard He was stood, and a sword Was placed in his little hand; Thus his heart became steeled, And his arm learned to wield The sword for his native land.

Every samurai knew,
That with blows not a few,
On the anvil his sword was made;
That the heat and the cold
Were both needed to mold
And to temper the trusty blade;

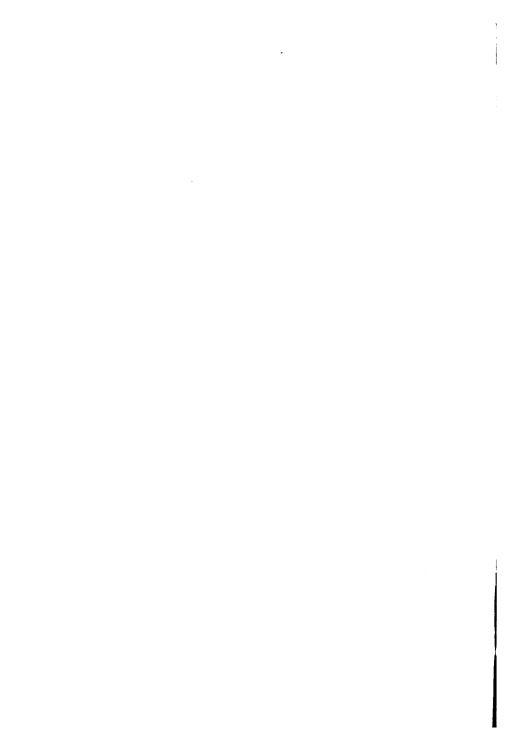
And the samurai knew,
That his boy needed too
Fortune's buffets to make him strong;
Both the heat and the cold,
Were required for the bold,
Who would battle against the wrong.

With his little feet bare,
To the cold winter air,
He would go to his daily tasks;
And not many the sweets,
And still fewer the treats,
That the samurai's boy dared to ask;
But the sword by his side •
Was his glory and pride,
For he thought of it as of his soul;
And the sword must be bright,
And employed for the right,
And kept under most perfect control.

To the Samurai's lass
There was given a glass,
A bright mirror which answers her true;
And the maid must be sure
To be modest and pure,
Never minding what others might do;
And a keen dagger bright
Was concealed from the sight,
In her bosom; 'twas better to die,
Than to have any stain
On her family name;
'Twas the way of the Samurai.



"Her obi tied in a great bow Gave beauty to her kimono."



A JAPANESE BELLE.



I wish that I possessed the power
To fittingly describe a flower
Called Hana San, but then an hour
Would be required to do it right.
Her cheeks were plump and tinged with rose;
Her lips a cherry when it glows
In June Her unobtrusive nose
Was dainty, shapely, very slight.

Her little head had such a pose
It turned the heads of scores of beaux;
Her even teeth were white as snows
That glisten on some mountain height.
Through raven locks her forehead shone
In shape like Fuji's perfect cone,
Which stands in beauty quite alone.
Her eyes were like the darkest night.

Her obi, tied in a great bow,
Gave beauty to her kimono,
Which made her look like a rainbow,
Or butterfly so bright and gay.
Her mind—ah, never mind her mind—
For that was difficult to find.
She was the fairest of her kind,
A sweet and lovely musume.

Her hands were like a doll's, and when She played upon the samisen, And sang, she seemed to hold the men With magic power beneath her sway. Her voice was clear and soft and sweet; It brought the lovers to her feet For all considered it a treat To listen to her plaintive lay.

But when she poured a cup of tea, Her grace was wonderful to see, This girl beyond the wetsern sea—Ohana San, the lovely one, For like the blossom in her hair, She seemed so sweet as well as fair, With charms unequalled anywhere In any land beneath the sun.

A JAPANESE NOBLEMAN'S DREAM.



In youth there came to me an awful dream,
Which left its impress on my later years;
To me, in that night-vision it did seem
I wandered in the gloomy vale of tears;
The path was wet and slimy; on each side
Were pitfalls, yawning like the mouth of hell;
And pretty soon my feet began to slide
From under me, and into one I fell;
I landed at the bottom of the pit,
Which seemed a den of foul and hissing snakes.

The writhing reptiles at each other bit, At very thought of which my spirit quakes; There seemed to be one way of getting out, And that was furnished by a sturdy vine, Which from above sent down a section stout. And seizing this, I soon began to climb; On lifting up my eyes, I saw a rat Engaged in gnawing at my living rope; I knew my danger, but I argued that I would have time, and so was full of hope; When half way up, I saw, to my surprise, Some luscious fruit dependent from the vine; It seemed so sweet and tempting to my eyes, I gathered some, and thus delayed a time. But while I stopped, the vine was cut in twain By that vile rodent, with his chisel teeth, And down I tumbled in the pit again; And gone were now all chances of relief. I woke, the sweat was standing on my brow, Which came from horror of that awful dream; The dreadful vision haunts me even now; I tried to reason out what it might mean; I plainly saw, that if I wished to climb To higher places in life's rugged way, I must not stop, and waste my precious time, Though pleasure tempt me with her fruit to stay. So for my life I made a stringent rule, When urged to taste her fruit, to answer, "No!" In doing this I have not played the fool, But reached a high position, as you know.

JAPANESE WALL DECORATIONS.



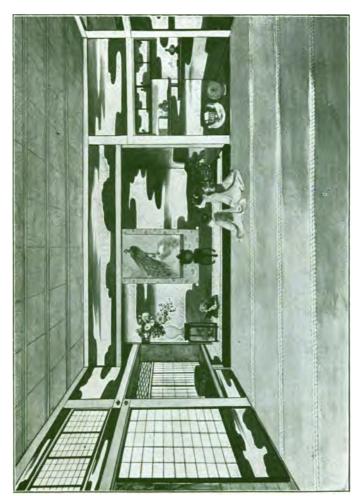
Their pictures are the language of their minds,
In winter, when oppressed by leaden skies,
And from the snowy peaks blow chilly winds,
They place a bit of spring before their eyes,
Such as a flowering plum with nightingale,
Which means that brighter days are coming soon,
When Philomela will repeat his tale
Of unrequited love amid the bloom

When spring has come, they think of summer days;
Before their eyes they hang a summer scene;
In summer, golden autumn meets their gaze;
Some scarlet maples standing by a stream;
In autumn, Fujiyama, crowned with snow,
Adorns the wall; the year will soon be done.
And soon will come again the time to sow.

Their minds are ever running on before

The season, dreaming of a coming day,
And living in the future more than now;
And this to them appears the proper way;
Just as in western lands, the merchants show

The goods of spring, while winter still is here;
And summer things in spring, for well they know,
The mind is running on before the year.



"Their minds are ever running on before The season, dreaming of the coming day."



JAPANESE ART.



'Tis said that Yoshitsune had a very ugly face;
'Twas pitted from the small-pox, but his heart was full
of grace;

A lover of sweet music, and a patron of fine art; And every little duty he performed with all his heart.

But Benkei, his retainer, who was handsome as could be In form and features had a soul as any one can see Who reads his story, quite untamed, both rash and heedless, too;

He always was impatient in the work he had to do.

So artists in Mikado's land paint Yoshitsune fair And handsome, while poor Benkei's face is always made to bear

The marks of ugliness. The spirit hidden in the breast Is painted, not externals, and perhaps this way is best.

THE THREE MONKEYS.



Three wonderful monkeys in Nikko Are cunningly carved out of wood; They form a design in a temple, And teach men how they should be good. One covers his eyes, while another Is pressing his hands on his ears; A third covers mouth in like manner, And this shows the artist had fears, That men might be ruined through seeing Or hearing or speaking, and so He carved this design so instructive, That all of this danger might know.

JAPANESE DREAMS OF THE HOMELAND.



The beauty of the Inland Sea,
Bestudded with its lovely isles,
Is ever in our memory,
Though distant, now, five thousand miles;
Brave Fuji San, that guards the coast,
And blessed our eyes far out at sea;
'Tis hard to tell what charmed us most,
Where all so lovely seemed to be.

When cherry blossoms in the spring
Their witchery of beauty spread,
And happy feathered songsters sing
Their sweetest carols overhead,
And later when azaleas blow,
And beautify the mountain-side,
We think of thee where'er we go;
Thy memories with us abide.

When frost comes stealing in the night
To kiss the graceful maple leaves,
Which blush to scarlet, then how bright
The glens appear; Oh, how it grieves
Us to be absent from our home,
The land we love across the sea;
No matter where our feet may roam,
Our hearts are constantly with thee.

JAPAN'S HALF CENTURY OF PROGRESS.



Such wonderful progress, as that of Japan,
Has never been equalled since people began
To dwell on this globe. Glancing back fifty years
To July, fifty three we may see how the fears
Of Japan were awakened, when our commodore,
The brave and wise Perry knocked loud at the door,
Which slowly was opened to western reform;
And then—in a word—the new empire was born.

The people who worshiped the thunder god then, Who flashed out his fire with destruction to men, Now harness that power, and make it their slave To work for them, while human labor they save. It pushes their cars, and produces their light, And carries their messages, daytime or night, With speed of the lightning, o'er thousands of miles, To reach every part of their beautiful isles.

Japan was possessed of no ships at that time;
No navy, not even a ship of the line.
Her fleet is now equal to that of this land:
Moreover her midshipmen well understand
The use of these ships; and her merchant marine
In many a harbor is now to be seen;
And joined with Great Britain, her present ally,
The world has no power she may not defy.

Her schools, which were then hardly worthy the name Have risen as mushrooms do after the rain.

Her sons were once sent o'er to China to learn;

Now, Chinese disciples seek her in return.

Koreans and students from distant Siam

Now study the methods of modern Japan.

And well is she termed the school-mistress of all

Her neighboring nations, on that side the ball.

So noting her course through the past fifty years, We see in her history progress that cheers, And points to a future increasingly bright, Well done! brave Japan, only keep to the right; Advance like thine emblem the ascending sun, Perfecting the changes so nobly begun; And when the full century rounded shall be, The nations of earth will congratulate thee.

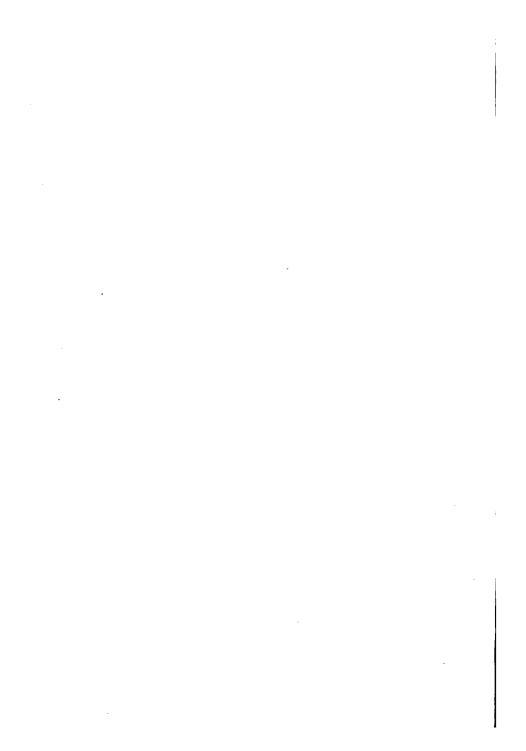


PART SECOND





"To the shore went Urashima, Riding on a great sea turtle."



Japanese Legends and Historical

Events.



URASHIMA.



Long ago, in Hinomoto, In the empire of Mikado, Long before the reign of Shoguns, Lived a lad called Urashima; Urashima, meaning island, Little island off the main shore.

Urashima loved the ocean, Loved to hear it singing mildly, Loved to see it dashing wildly, Called it Haha, meaning mother, Said he was the ocean's offspring, Happy on its heaving bosom.

Strong of limb grew Urashima, Trained in every manly calling; Skillfully he learned to manage His frail craft in stormy weather; Skillfully he learned to gather Harvests from the rolling waters. One fair morning, Urashima Rowed his little boat, his fune, Out upon the shining waters, While the breeze, umi-no-kaze, Fanned his cheeks and kissed his forehead, And the ocean rocked him gently.

Far from shore his oars he rested, Then he dropped his hook all baited Down into the clear blue water, Deeper, deeper, till he felt it Catch on something that resisted All his efforts to release it.

Off he threw his outer garment, In his language called Kimono, Then into the ocean diving Like a fish, he swam to loosen From the rocks his fishing tackle, Down and down his line he followed.

When at last he reached the bottom, Great his wonder on beholding There a palace built of coral, Roofed with pearly shells that glistened; In the garden bloomed strange flowers, Such as seen on earth are never.

'Twas the palace Ryu-gu-jo, In the kingdom of Ryu-gu. All the fishes are his subjects, All the finny tribes obey him, Do his errands, pay him tribute, Gathered from the spoils of ocean At the gate of this strange castle Stood the fair ones, noble ladies, Beckoning to Urashima, Welcoming him to the palace, Welcoming the son of ocean, To the world beneath the waters.

Into the great hall they led him, Where they spread for him a banquet, Making merry at his coming; And the king, the great Ryu-o Gave to him his only daughter, Made him hier to all his kingdom.

Swiftly, like a weaver's shuttle, Sped the happy days uncounted, In that under world enchanted, In the palace of the sea king, Where 'mid every kind of pleasure, Lived our hero free from trouble.

But at last he felt a longing Once again to see his village; See again the well-known faces Of the people on the seashore; Breathe the air above the waters, Hear again the land birds singing.

Vainly did his wife, the princess, Importune him not to leave her; But when she could not persuade him, She a little casket gave him, Bidding him to keep it safely, But to never look within it. To the shore went Urashima, Riding on a great sea turtle; Safe he reached his native village. He was young and strong of body As he was the morn he left it On his very strange adventure.

Much he wondered at not seeing Any face that he remembered; Much he wondered upon hearing All of those who once had loved him, With the dead had long been numbered, In the graveyard all now slumbered.

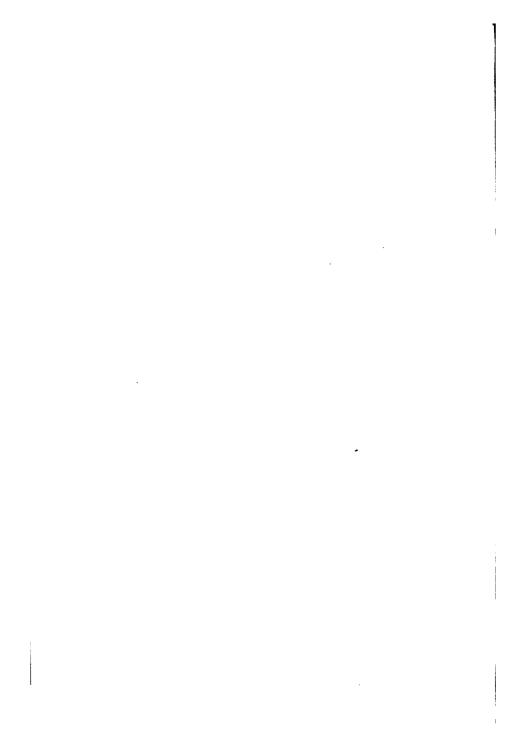
Then he asked of Urashima, Whether any one remembered Him. Some answered, their ancestors Told them of one, Urashima, How he rowed out on the ocean, And they never more had seen him.

In his grief, poor Urashima, Heeding not, unclasped the casket. Out there flew a purple spirit; Lines of beauty changed to wrinkles; Limbs of strength grew old and trembling; And his hair turned white as hoar-frost.

To this day the fishing people, In the kingdom of Mikado, Say there is another kingdom At the bottom of the ocean; And when waves are beating wildly, Say the king below is angry.



"The sage sat cross legged, motionless until Some birds lit on his head and built a nest."



DARUMA.



'Tis said that Daruma, the Buddhist sage
Some fourteen hundred years or so ago,
From India came to China, to engage
In teaching Chinese what they ought to know,
To reach Nirvana, land of dreamless sleep.

The sage sat cross-legged, motionless, until.

Some birds lit on his head, and built a nest
Within his hair; he sat so very still,
The grass grew on his shoulders and his breast;
His eyes were closed in meditation deep.

For nine long years he never stirred a limb,
And all the earthly passion in him died;
His soul, by contemplation freed from sin,
Arose to higher regions, purified.
Some say the sage's body turned to stone.

Thus, even now, some people in Japan
In meditation spend some time each day,
Like Daruma, and follow out his plan
To purify the soul, and take away
The love of earth, and for their sins atone.

THE SIX JIZO.



Jizo are the guardian spirits
Of the children in the shadow
Land of hades. Every infant
Owes a debt unto its parents
For the many sacrifices
Made for it in early childhood.

If before this obligation

Has been met, the child is taken

To another world 'tastated,

It must there work out its sentence,

And discharge its debt in tote,

Fro it can be liberated.

In a certain part of hades.

Is a storn their bottom.

Who is the solutes gather publics.

Viewn the even had, and pile their.

Viewn they was had and pile their.

Viewn they was had a collection.

Congress of Correction

MASASHIGE KUSUNOKI.



If a Japanese is questioned,
Who of all the brave was bravest,
He will answer Kusunoki,
Who committed hara-kiri,
When defeated in a battle,
Near the city now called Kobe.

Once the Emperor Godaigo
Dreamed his palace was endangered
By a fearful southern tempest,
And was only saved from falling,
By a tree called Kusunoki,
Which in English means the camphor.

Then the Emperor consulted
With his wise men, and they told him
In the south, one Kusunoki
Would be found, who would protect him
From the house of Ashikaga,
Every day becoming stronger.

Kusunoki then was summoned
By the Emperor who placed him
In command of all his forces;
And had his advice been followed
It is said that Ashikaga
Surely would have been defeated.

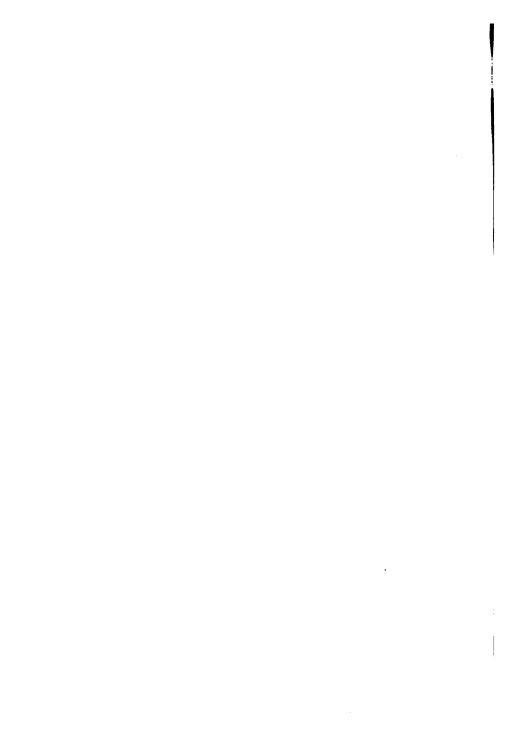
After fighting long and bravely,
And achieving great successes,
At the last his force was pitted
'Gainst an army greatly stronger,
Then when overwhelmed and vanquished
He committed hara-kiri.

But before he died, he summoned,
To his side, his son and gave him
His own sword and roll of honor
Of his house, and strictly charged him,
To maintain them both untarnished,
And to live for the Mikado.

Then he vowed that seven lifetimes
Of his own should be devoted
To the service of his sovereign,
Many times to earth returning,
He would fight until he conquered.
This is why he is so honored.



" A royal monk, who had the spunk To brave a nation's rage."



IKKYU, THE BUDDHIST SAGE.



Long, long ago, in Yamato,
There lived a Buddhist sage,
A royal monk, who had the spunk
To brave a nation's rage;
And many proverbs to Japan
He gave. He was a brainy man,
And wise for any age.

Most Buddhists eat not any meat.

"But it cannot be wrong
To eat of fish, or what you wish,
And meat will make you strong
To fight the foes outside and in,
And conquer devils, flesh and sin."

'Twas thus he taught the strong.

His words were wise, and people prize
His sayings more and more;
For every page proves that this sage
Was full of wisdom's lore.
Some say he was the wisest man
That ever lived since time began,
Or ever mother bore.

THE PRIEST'S SACRIFICE.



Long ago a priest of Buddha Climbed a mount for meditation; Glancing down into the valley, He beheld two cranes descending To a spring. One bird was injured

Close beside the healing waters
They abode until the wounded
One was well, and then together
Flew away as though rejoicing.
Thus the priest the spring discovered.

Now it was an ancient custom For the finder of such waters To be buried close beside them; Otherwise the spring would surely Be deprived of healing power.

Knowing this, the priest made ready To lay down his life in order That this pool might grow in virtue, And become a source of healing Unto everyone who sought it.

But his people strongly urged him Not to follow out the custom; Said they would forego the healing Rather than give up their teacher; But the priest was not persuaded. At the head of a procession, Forth he led his loving people To the fountain he discovered. There he dug his grave, and in it Placed his simple box like coffin.

Putting on his richest vestments, With his bell and sacred scriptures, Solemnly he took his station In the grave, the while repeating Holy texts, and so was covered.

For about an hour they heard him, But his voice grew weak and weaker, 'Til at last 'twas hushed in silence, From that time still more effective Grew the spring for the afflicted.

To this day the people seek it In the pleasant summer season; And a village now is clustered 'Round the spot, and many people Sing the praises of its waters.

Sacrifice like this recorded
Of the earnest Buddhist preacher
Makes us think of Christ, the Saviour,
Who relinquished life that others
Might through Him find means of healing.

ADVENTURES OF HAYAKAWA.



One of Nippon's ancient heroes Was a man named Hayakawa, Signifying rapid river. He resided by a torrent That came rushing from the mountains, Hurrying to reach the ocean.

Here one Yamanaka found him Damming back the mountain current, To assist himself in fishing. So he called him to his service As a knight, and long he served him, Doing mighty deeds of valor.

Once our hero and his comrades, Ten in number, were enchanted By the singing of a blind man Whom they thought a simple minstrel Wandering about the country, Singing for his food and lodging.

As they sat and drank their saké, They were seized with awful torture, And they knew they had been poisoned. Hayakawa grasped the blind man By the throat, and bade him answer If he were the guilty party.

"Yes, I come from Morri's Castle," Said the blind man, "I confess it;" Thinking death would be his portion. "You may go!" said Hayakawa, "When a blind man kills ten heroes, He deserves both life and fortune."

All the band save Hayakawa, In their pain drew out their weapons, And committed harakiri; But our hero, in his madness, Sprang into the ocean billows, From the castle by the seaside.

Here the king of ocean met him, Called in Japanese Ryu-o; And he said, "You are a hero; Come with me unto my palace At the bottom of the ocean; You will make a worthy subject."

Three years after, near to Kobe, When some fishermen were dragging A huge net, you may imagine Their surprise upon beholding In its folds a human being, In which life was not extinguished.

Slowly waking, as from slumber, Yawning, stretching out his muscles, Opening his eyes, the stranger Said that he was Hayakawa; And he asked about his master Yamanaka, and his fortune.

Some assert that Hayakawa Lived among the fishing people For three years, and then invented This strange story of his absence. One thing certain, he assisted Once again chief Yamanaka.

KANO, THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.



There was a famous artist Named Kano; and his school Was founded in Mikado's land; He painted not by rule.

His great, great, great grandfather Once painted in a night A forest full of cedars. It was a wondrous sight.

When Kano was a baby, And cried, as babies will, They gave him ink and paper, And Kano soon was still.

The powerful Masamune,
Who had abundant means,
Engaged this noted artist
To paint for him three screens.

The artist took a horseshoe,
And on one screen made dabs,
Then added legs, et cetera,
And lo! the daubs were crabs.



"He had his way of painting, But Kano was no fool."

He took a little poodle,

And dipped its paws in pink,
And on the nest made footprints,
Ere one had time to think;

Then adding stem and branches, A tree, the hardy plum, Forth from the polished surface, Like magic seemed to come.

A pullet came in handy
For work upon a third;
Its red feet, made still redder,
Made marks not like a bird;

But leaves of scarlet maple
Were falling in a stream;
He finished in a jiffy
A lovely autumn scene.

So now you know of Kano, And of the Kano school; He had his way of painting; But Kano was no fool.

KIKU'S SPIRIT.



Kiku was a lovely maiden,
Fair of face and gentle mannered,
Trusted by her lordly master
With a set of dinner service,
Golden plates, just ten in number,
Which were locked within a coffer.

One of these, one time, was stolen By her mistress, who was jealous Of the maiden's winning manners, Then she told her husband, Kiku Was unfaithful in her duties; So the treasure chest was opened.

Sure enough one piece was missing.
Then the master in his anger
Slew the girl, and cast her body
Into an old well, but some say
Kiku, in her desperation,
Purposely there sought destruction.

Be this as it may, each midnight,
Just above the well a spirit
In a sad but earnest manner
Counted one to nine, repeating
All the numbers as though seeking
For the tenth, the stolen treasure.

So to still the restless spirit,
One with courage took his station
Near the well. When Kiku counted
"Nine," this man with loud voice shouted
"Ten!" and Kiku from that moment
Rested perfectly contented.

Yet some say that Kiku's spirit
From that time an insect entered;
For this insect in the night time
May be heard distinctly counting
Nine, by striking on some substance
Just nine times, and then repeating.

ARAKI, THE FENCER.



There was a man named Araki,
Two hundred years ago,
Who very skillful proved to be
In use of sword and bow;
And through the country, far and wide,
His name was known on every side,
And dreaded by the foe.

Araki was a man possessed
Of heart both kind and true.
One time unconsciously he pressed
A frog beneath his shoe.
"Forgive me, little frog," said he,
"You were so small I could not see,
And so have injured you."

And yet this Samurai had slain,
One time in open fight,
Full forty men, who 'gainst him came.
He vanquished every knight
Who fought with him. He only tried
To put down wrong on every side,
And battle for the right.



" There was a man named Araki Two hundred years ago."



One evening Araki drew near
A hamlet in the wood;
The people were in deadly fear,
For well they understood
Their mountain god would take that day
A human victim for his prey;
He could not withstood.

For many years, by lot, they told
The one who's time had come.
This year, the spirit growing bold,
Picked out the fairest one,
A lovely maiden, just eighteen,
The only daughter, it would seem,
Of one who had no son.

It spotless white the girl was dressed,
And well she played her part;
A Buddhist book was closely pressed
Against her throbbing heart;
A tear was standing in her eye;
Too young was she to wish to die;
She dreaded Death's cold dart.

The people said, "Your life you give,
Because the will of Fate
So orders. By the gods we live;
We must propitiate
The spirits, or no rain will fall.
"Tis better one should die for all,
Then perish small and great."

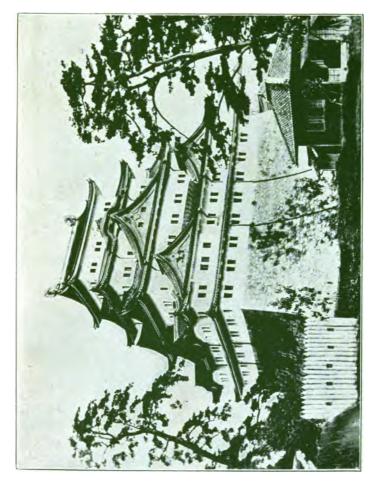
An ark was from the temple brought
To bear her to the shrine;
Her relatives, in saddest thought,
All followed in a line.
Araki this procession spied,
And quickly to the place he hied,
Arriving just in time.

He said, if they would hear his plea,
And let the maiden go,
He gladly would her ransom be.
He would himself bestow
Within the ark and take her place,
And either gods or devils face,
If they would have it so.

Araki, then, within the ark
Was placed before the shrine.
The people left him in the dark,
And slowly passed the time.
At last a monster did appear,
But brave Araki knew no fear,
For fighting was his line.

The monster wounded, fled away,
And he returned no more.

Araki waited for the day,
Then saw on ground and floor
A trace of blood, a scarlet line,
Which to the loft above the shrine,
Led through the sacred door.



" The roof of the castle, full five stories high Where none but winged creatures can manage to fly."

Araki quickly climbed, and then
In wonder saw the lair,
Where some wild beast had made its den
Above the house of prayer.
He soon dispatched it with his blade,
At to the country folk displayed
In carcass, then and there.

The father, full of gratitude,
Because he saved the life
Of his one daughter, thought it good
To make the girl his wife;
But Araki would not be tied
To any wife; more than a bride
He loved a wandering life.

A TEST OF LOVE.



A lover residing in ancient Japan,
A brave samurai and a wonderful man,
To prove his devotion, once offered to bring
From any where, earth, air or sea, anything
His sweetheart might ask, be it even a scale
Of pure yellow gold from the dolphins bright mail
On Nagoya Castle, on the highest crest.
"I will bring what you wish only give me the test."

"Then bring me," she said, "as a proof of your love, A scale of pure gold from the dolphins above The roof of the castle, full five stories high, Where none but winged creatures can manage to fly. Next month I shall be at Nagoya to dance At the festival season; and if you then chance To bring me a scale from the dolphins I'll know You love me in earnest, that token will show.

This samurai bold was not filled with despair.

He thought, other creatures can fly through the air
As well as the birds. Then he made a huge kite
To carry him up in the dead of the night.

With the aid of a friend and a favoring gale
He got to the dolphin, and wrenched off a scale;
And with it he managed to safely descend
To earth, when the guard captured him and his friend.

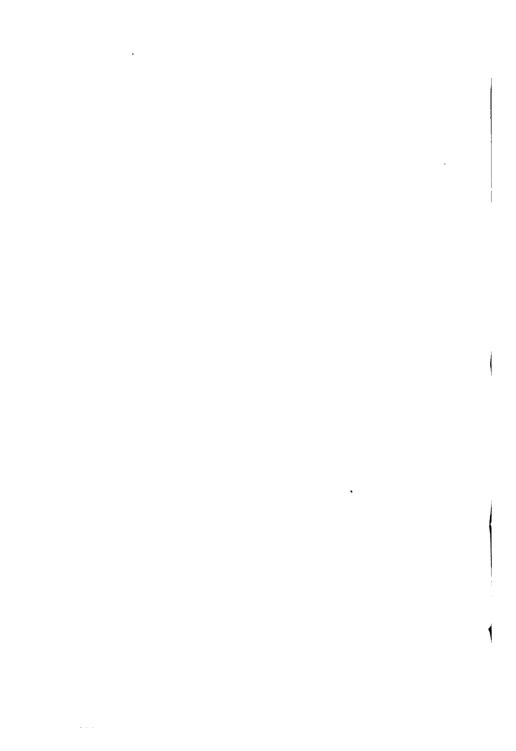
The proof of the crime on his person was found, Which left the poor fellow without any ground For pardon; So both were commanded to die, By suicide, for they were both samurai. The day of the festival, dressed in her best, The geisha came, who had given the test; But when she had heard of the fate of her brave Admirer, she ended her life on his grave.

The dolphins of gold are still swimming above
The castle, reminding the folk of the love
Of one long since gone; but a cage of strong wire
Encloses each dolphin, lest others desire
To follow the plan of the bold samurai,
And capture a scale from the fish in the sky.
Through earthquakes and tempest and many a fray
The dolphins continue unharmed to this day.



PART THIRD





Japanese Favorite Flowers, Trees

and Birds.



THE PLUM.



The hardy plum is first to come
Of all the flowers of spring;
It seems so bold to brave the cold,
That poets love to sing
Of these brave trees; to Japanese
The path they seem to show
To victory. They love the tree
That blooms amid the snow.



THE LOTUS.



Just notice where the lotus
In its chastened beauty grows;
Yet opens in the sunlight,
Pure as Juji's driven snows;
In spite of its surroundings,
Growing in the stagnant pond,
It is so wonderfully pure
That Japanese are fond
Of lotus flowers, because they say
In words of sweet content:
"You, too, may be as pure as we,
In your environment."



"Just notice where the lotus
In its chastened beauty grows."

MORNING-GLORIES.



'Tis said that morning-glories make A little noise when they awake, And open first their lovely eyes, To greet the sun in eastern skies.

The children of the Japanese, Who love all kinds of flowers and trees, Arise before the morning sun, To hear them open one by one.

A little note from flowery horn Announces that the day is born; The Sunrise Kingdom's sunrise flower Is cherished both in heart and bower.



"A little note from flowery hern Announces that the day is born."

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



Chrysanthemums, of all the flowers,
Are in Japan most dear,
Because they, like a rear-ward guard,
Come latest in the year.
When other flowers have fled away,
They cover the retreat;
And help to make the autumn gay,
Though not so very sweet.



"When other flowers have fled away, They cover the retreat;"

THE CHERRY.



The cherry is grown for beauty alone;
The fruit that is left behind
Is bitter and small, and not eaten at all;
The petals that whirl in the wind
Like beautiful snow, seem to say as they go,
When called by each summoning blast:
"A lesson we give to people who live,
That beauty like ours will not last."

Long ages ago, in old Yamato,
These blossoms that quickly fall,
Taught brave Samurai to be ready to die
At once, at their master's call;
To die by the sword for their feudal lord;
So cherries, wherever they blow,
With fragrance they fill the air, while they thrill
The spirit of Yamato.



"With fragrance they fill the air, while they thrill. The spirit of Yamato."

MAPLES.



Gold and crimson maple leaves,
Trembling in the gentle breeze,
Scen reflected in the stream,
Or on hillside, where they gleam,
Brightened by the parting ray
Of the sun at close of day,
Are indeed a lovely sight,
As they seem to wave good night.



"Gold and crimson maple leaves, Trembling in the gentle breeze,"

THE WISTARIA.



Wistaria blossoms of purple and white In spring time are tru'y a beautiful sight. The vine is ambitious, and spreads far and wide, But in it is nothing expressive of pride. Just note how it hangs down its beautiful head, Thus teaching humility's lesson instead. When trained o'r the water, on some peaceful day We see it reflected, and gold fishes play Amid its bright blossoms, a picture more fair Than this, can perhaps, not be found anywhere.



"We see it reflected, and gold fishes play Amid its bright blossoms."

THE IRIS.



The iris with its sword-like leaves
To people seem to say;
"Be valliant;" So this plant is used
Upon the fifth of May;
Upon the fifth of the fifth month,
That is its boys' great day.

A piece of iris in the bath
The boy takes on that day,
Will make him strong, and prove a charm,
To keep disease away.
No wonder that this plant is oft
The theme of peot's lay.

Sometimes it blooms upon the thatch,
Protecting in this way
The house from evils; while it binds
With roots the miry clay
Placed on the straw. A pretty sight
The iris is in May.



"The iris with its sword-like leaves To people seem to say; Be valiant;"

THE BAMBOO.



The bamboo is a favorite, Because it grows so high And straight, with joints so regular Into the azure sky. The Japanese learn from these trees The way they ought to grow,— Upright and systematic, spite Of all the winds that blow.

In winter-time, a load of snow It gracefully upbears; It bends, but soon springs back to show Men how to bear their cares; Though light and airy, yet it plays A most important part; And sets a good example, both In usefulness and art.



The Japanese learn from these trees The way they ought to grow."

THE PINE.



Notice where the pine tree grows, On the mountain 'mid the snows, Or upon the wind swept strand, Often rooted in the sand, Teaching those who see to bear Lives of hardship anywhere.

Evergreen throughout the year, Always full of life and cheer, Spite of wind and snow and cold Never seeming to grow old. Nature loving Japanese Strive to imitate these trees.



"Evergreen throughout the year Always full of life and cheer."

THE WILLOW.



The willow is a tree that yields;
It bends but does not break;
The Japanese admire these trees
For this; they try to make
Their women see, and long to be
Like willows by the lake.

THE PEONY.



The peony, a gorgeous flower
Of monstrous size, in satin dressed,
Seems typical of wealth and power,
In nature's loveliness expressed;
And so this bloom has come to be
The emblem of prosperity.

The peacock is the bird to go
Best with the peony. You see
They both lack sweetness, both love show,
And so there is a harmony
In these. For one can seldom find
The sweet and fair in one combined.

THE POMEGRANATE.



"When the pomegranate gapes,
It reveals its heart;
So every jackanapes,
When his lips do part,
Reveals his secret thought,
Which to hide were art."
So say the samurai.



"When the pomegranate gapes, it reveals its heart."

THE TENDER FEELING OF JAPANESE FOR FLOWERS.



"My morning glory growing bold
Has seized my bucket in the night
With her slim fingers. Loose her hold
I cannot, it would not be right.
Lend me some water, if you please."
Such tender thoughts have Japanese.

THE PERFECT FLOWER.



Behold the gentle Buddha carved in stone Upon an open lotus for a throne, Another lotus bud within his hand; Now, by this emblem men should understand The perfect life, and what they ought to be, The lotus has no branches like a tree, But single stem in bloom and leaf the same, Expressing thus a singlesness of aim. It opens to the sun, though closed at night, So should the mind respond unto the light. Though rooted in the mud it is content, And helps to sweeten its environment, And then to man for food its root it gives, Thus sweetly and unselfishly it lives.

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE.



You should hear in the spring
How the nightingales call
To their mates, for their song
Is the sweetest of all
The Japanese bird songs that I can recall.

On a blossoming spray
One will perch, while its song
Comes floating at intervals
All the day long.
As it sings not at night
Its name appears wrong.



"On a blossoming spray
One will perch, while its song
Comes floating at intervals
All the day long."

THE LARK.



The lark flies up to meet the day, He mounts to talk with heaven, to pray; At least that's what the people say. On seeing him ascend the skies: Our human aspirations rise To what lies hidden from our eyes.



"The lark flies up to meet the day."

THE SWALLOW.



If one should kill a swallow

Some harm would surely follow;

The people call them messengers divine.

They build against the walls

Of chambers and of halls

Their nests of clay, where'er they may incline.

The gods would, in their ire,
Consume one's house with fire,
If one should harm these servants of the skies;
These birds have naught to fear,
For people hold them dear;
Their visits seem like angels' in disguise,

These birds that swiftly fly
Are welcomed. Farmers vie
In building little shelters for their nests;
For country people know
How many things that grow
Are saved by swallows from the insect pests.



"These birds that swiftly fly Are welcomed."

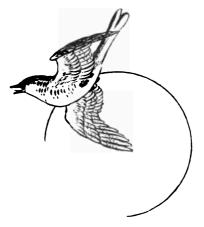
THE HOTOTOGISU.



From the shadowy land, of the spirits in May, Comes the hototogisu, which seems to say, In his own peculiar birdlike way,

Which the farmers can understand:
"It is time, my good people, to plant your grain.'
While to others he seems to be telling his name,
Which is Hototogisu, the same as the strain
That he learned in the spirit land.

The hototogisu is also said
To welcome the spirits of the dead;
And so, not unlikely, a little dread
Is felt when his song is heard.
Beyond the mountain of Shide tall,
On their way to the spirit river, all
The spirits are greeted. So people call
This songster. "Ghost welcoming bird."



"From the shadowy land of the spirits in May, Come the hototogisu."

THE CRANE.



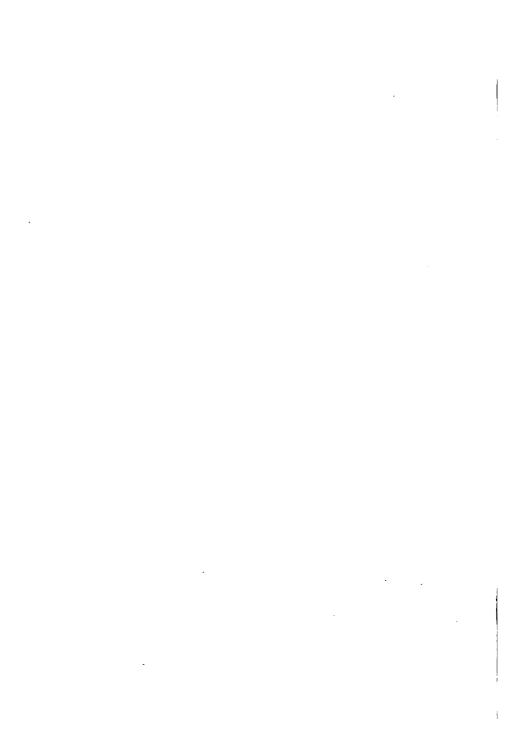
We read about a time,
When it was thought a crime
To kill a crane, and any one who did,
Paid forfeit with his life,
Unless he left his wife
And home, and quickly fled away and hid.

The crane is pure in life,
And faithful to one wife,
Not choosing for himself another mate;
He lives a thousand years;
A Japanese reveres
This bird and keeps him in a kind state.

"A Japanese reveres
This bird and keeps him in a kind of state."



"Old age is reverenced everywhere Beyond the western sea."



TO THE EAGLE.

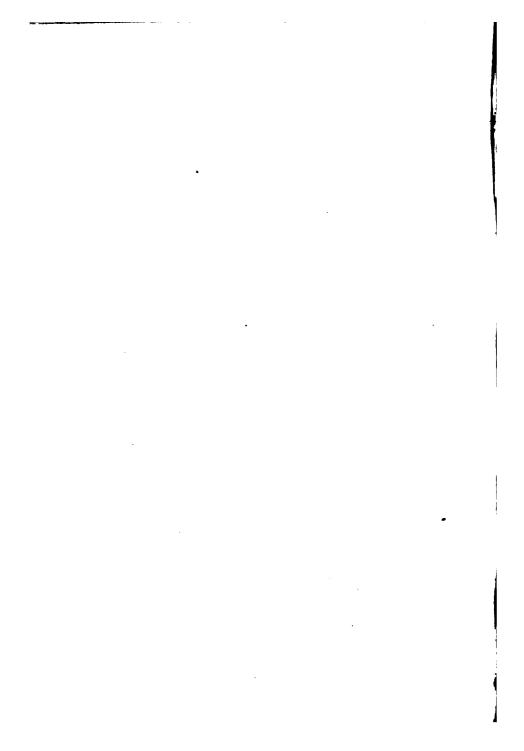


Eagle, thou art strong and bold, Fearing not the winter's cold; Mid the storm you bravely fly, Emblem of the samurai. Of thy fearlessness I sing; I can praise thy strength of wing; But I do not like thy way; For thou a bird of prey.

REVERENCE FOR AGE.



The crane, the tortoise and pine tree
Are all extolled in song;
The reason seems to chiefly be
Because they live so long.
Old age is reverenced everywhere
Beyond the western seas;
A fitting honor for gray hair
Is shown by Japanese.





PART FOURTH



. .



"Matsushima! Matsushima! Japanese are fond of thee."

	·	
		i
		i

Japanese Scenery.



MATSUSHIMA.



"Matsushima! Matsushima!"

Cried a poet one fine day

As he looked down from the mountain

On the pine clad isles that lay

At his feet. Though skilled in language

This is all the bard could say.

"Matsushima! Matsushima!

Japanese are proud of thee,

And among the scenes most lovely,

Thou art counted one of three

Fairest places, in a country

Filled with lovely scenery.

KEGON WATERFALL.

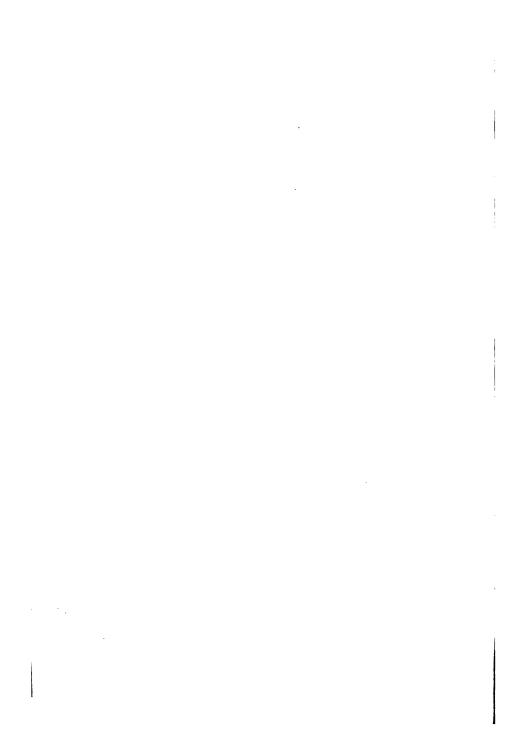


Earth contains no brighter waters,
Dashed into a whiter foam
Than where shoots Kegon no Taki
Like an arrow from its home
In the heights, where it is nourished
By its mother in the skies,
Does it hurt itself in falling?
Is that why it groans and sighs?

Stunned it seems at first, then wildly Bursts in tears of diamond spray; Soon it from the shock recovers, And goes singing on its way. Faster now, and then more slowly Runs the silver brook along, Charming all who linger by it With its ever changing song.



"Like an arrow from its home In the heights, where it is nourished By its mother in the skies."



FUJI SAN.



Fujiyama, matchless mountain,
Visible from land and sea;
Though we seek the whole world over,
There's no other like to thee.

In thy height the perfect number
Of the months and days expressed.
In thy presence one is conscious
Of a sense of peace and rest.

Though thy head with age is hoary.

Fires are sleeping in thy heart.

None can ever do thee justice,

Though possessed of highest art.

Fujiyama, matchless mountain, Dwell thou in our memory; That our lives may bear the traces Of thy perfect symmetry.

Note. The height of Fujiyama is 12,365 feet, the first two figures stand for the months, and the last three for days of the year.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?



"Have you seen it?" was the question Asked a stranger in Japan,

"Seen it?" "Seen what?" was the answer Of the sorely puzzled man.

"When you see it, you will know it, I assure you," answered he.

Not revealing to the stranger,
What it possibly might be.

Not long after this the sunshine, Lifted up the veil of haze, That had hidden Fuji Yama From the sight, for many days.

As the stranger gazed in rapture
On the mountain's perfect cone,
He exclaimed, "Now I have seen it!

It means Fuji San alone."

REFLECTION OF FUJI SAN IN LAKE HAKONE.



You may ride on Lake Hakone
On a calm and sunny day
To the top of Fuji Yama
In an easy, novel way.

For upon the glassy surface
Fuji Yama seems to lie
Like an open fan in outline,
Dropped by angels from the sky.

In a boat you may be carried

Over clouds and banks of snow;

But your oars would break the picture,

If you should attempt to row.

LAKE BIWA.



Biwa, largest lake and fairest,
In a land where all is fair;
Like a lute in form and sweetness,
What can with thyself compare?
Mirror of the arching heavens,
Changing with the changing sky;
In thy moods, both vexed and smiling,
Thou art charming to the eye.

Ruby tinted at the sunsets,
Opalescent through the day,
Sparkling like a gem in sunshine,
Thou art pearl of lakes alway.
On thy shore the greatest pine tree
Found in all the empire stands,
Stretching ever o'er this jewel,
As it were, protecting hands,

THE INLAND SEA.



No brush or pen can well describe The beauty of the Inland Sea, Where lovely isles on every side Arise in great diversity. Some having sides so steep that not A living thing can keep its hold; While others terraced to the top Are covered with cloth of gold Of yellow rape, which, in this soil Is like a field of mustard bright In early spring. It yields the oil, That gives the temples holy light. At times the shores seem far away, At others they are close at hand; But every little shaded bay And every bit of sunlit strand Is animated. Fishing craft And other boats of larger size And strange design the breezes wast In a procession past our eyes, O'er water like the peacock's breast, A mingling of green and blue, Which ever changing without rest, Produces pictures ever new.

The graceful hills beyond the shore,
Range after range majestic rise,
Each higher than the one before;
And so this lovely picture lies
Enclosed in a gigantic frame
By Nature made and beautified,
A picture whose undying fame
Through all the ages will abide.

NIKKO.

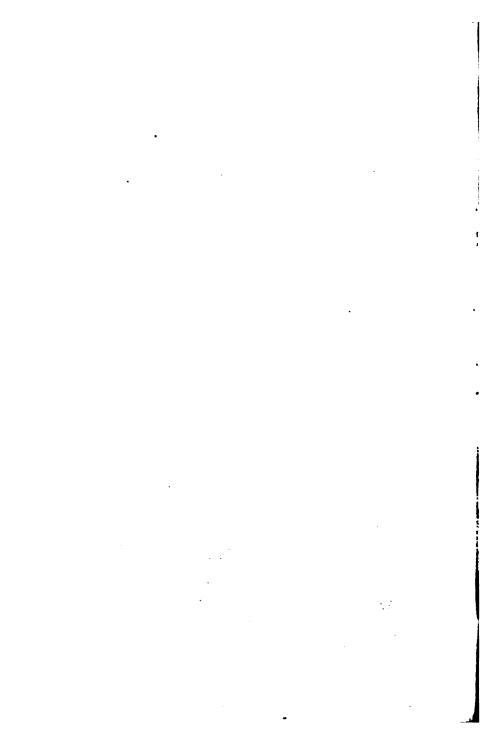


No one should say "Kekko" before seeing Nikko, For Kekko means fair, and no man Can judge what is fair, before seeing this rare And most beautiful part of Japan.

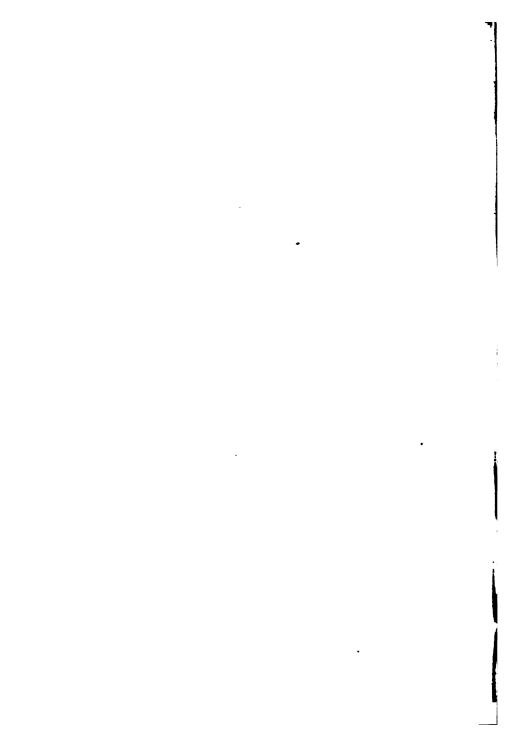
Here nature and art both performing a part, Have rendered this region most fair; Here falls, rivers, rills, lakes, woods, temples and hills Are finer than those found elsewhere.

'Tis lovely in June, when azaleas bloom In pink, purple, yellow and white Transforming the hills with a beauty that thrills The soul with the keenest delight.

'Tis lovely in fall, when the maple leaves all Are changed into crimson and gold; 'Tis lovely alway both by night and by day, Its beauty can never be told.







Humorous Poems.



THE PRIZE POEM.



A certain bonze, who had beneath his care
Three students for the priesthood, at one time,
To stimulate them, offered a large pear
To that one who should write the finest rhyme.

"The subject," said the bonze "may puzzle you, Yet if you wish to win this luscious pear, Please tell me what you wish to cut in two, And yet, for some good reason, always spare?"

The first youth, being sentimental, said,
"The plum branch, decked with blossoms wondrous fair.

That hides the moon, by swaying o'er my head; I long to cut it, yet I always spare."

The second wrote, "This brush, a gift from you, Composed of bamboo and of camel's hair, Is much too long, and should be cut in two, But when I think of him who gave, I spare."

The third lad was a rogue, and so he wrote:

"The one that grudges to me one poor pear,
The thing that I would cut is not his coat,
But head from off his shoulders, yet I spare."

The angry bonze the pear hurled at his head;
The youth was quick, and raised his hand in time
To catch it, when he most politely said,
"Thank you, good father, so the prize is mine."

THE FARMER AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.



In old Yedo, now Tokyo,
A farmer chanced to pass
A shop and see what seemed to be
His father in a glass.

Within a frame, and just the same
As twenty years before,
With visage mild, the father smiled
To see his son once more.

The farmer then exchanged some yen For this strange foreign thing, Which had the power, at any hour, His father back to bring.

With heart content, he homeward went, And hid his shining prize From the young wife who shared his life; This was not very wise.

But secretly he went to see
His father morn and eve;
This was no sin, but right of him,
And yet he did deceive.

She found him out, and full of doubt, She looked within the drawer; And seeing there a woman fair, Her peace of mind was o'er. When he returned, with words that burned, She charged him with the crime Of double life, keeping a wife In secret, all the time.

A Buddhist nun, who chanced to come That way, was passing by; She overheard the angry word, And tried to pacify.

"He tries to hide another bride!"
Without consulting me;
"But I've found out, what he's about;
Look in that drawer and see.

"It is my sire!" he cried with ire,
"I keep him in that place,
And every day I go to pray,
And gaze upon his face."

 The nun leaned o'er the open drawer, And saw what none had seen.
 She saw instead, with shaven head, A nun with solemn mien.

> "You must forgive, for as I live, The woman is a nun; She in this way attempts to pay For wrong that she has done."

At last the three looked in to see, And found each other there. The looking-glass, alas! alas! Had proved a wicked snare.

QUID PRO QUO.



There is a story in Japan
About a certain stingy man,
Who loved with all his heart
To feast upon a dish of eels,
And yet he would not for such meals
Consent with cash to part.

So every day he brought his dish
Of rice to where the frying fish
Sent forth a savory smell;
He closed his eyes, and in his mind
Was eating eels. Some people find
Such methods work quite well.

The restaurator made a bill,
And charged for odors rare that fill
The air for rods around.
The stingy man took out his cash
And threw them down, and by the crash
He paid for smell with sound.

THE THREE TRAVELERS.



Long, long ago,
Near Kiyoto,
Three strangers chanced to meet
At a small inn;
They hoped within
To get a bit to eat,
And place to stay
Till the next day,
And rest their tired feet.

The landlord said,
"I have a bed
For each, and viands rare,

If you agree
To stay with me,
And with each other share
One chamber small;

For that is all The room I have to spare.

When they had done,
The oldest one
Produced a good-sized can
Of something sweet;
"This is a treat,"
Said he, "for any man.
In making sweets
My village beats
All cities in Japan."

He passed it round.

The others found

It just as he had said.

But he who gave,

Inclined to save,

Proposed they go to bed.

Once more the tin

Was placed within

The basket, near his head.

The three then lay—
It was their way—
On quilts upon the floor;
But soon the clown
From candy town
Set up an awful snore,
Like waves that dash
And roar and crash
Upon the ocean shore.

Deprived of sleep,
And forced to keep
Their vigils in such din,
To make amends,
These quasi friends
Thought of the hidden tin
Of candy rare,
And planned to share
A little more with him.

With feet stretched out,
One felt about,
And drew the basket nigh;
Then soon within
He found a tin;
A second time they try
The sweets, which now—
They know not how—
Seemed changed to ashes dry.

They coughed and sighed,
And tried to hide
Their plunder out of sight.
In great surprise
Their comrade's eyes
Were opened with affright;
When he could feel
His flint and steel,
He soon produced a light.

"Alas!" he cried,
When he had spied
What these two friends had done;
"Upon my life,
You ate my wife,
Whose bones to ashes one
Short week ago
Were turned; and so
I am, indeed, undone!"

THE MAGIC FANS.



There was a man in old Japan,
Who, once upon a time,
A god of wood adored, which stood
Within a wayside shrine.

The image spurned the incense burned,
And poorer grew each day
The man. Some jeered, but still he feared
To throw his god away.

He went one day, in his dismay,

To ask the reason why

The more he prayed, his god delayed

To listen to his cry.

He asked for gold, and wealth untold;
He prayed his god to bless,
And give him health, as well as wealth,
That he might eat and dress.

From out the door, there stepped before
The worshiper a man
With beard like snow, and eyes that glow,
In either hand a fan.

"I've heard your cry," he said, "and I Am come to answer you"

He placed the fans in the man's hands,
And told him what to do

"This fan of red," the vision said,
"Will make men's noses grow;
While this of white, if used aright,
Will bring their noses low."

"When fanned with white, they will grow slight,
And even disappear;
But fanned with red, they'll grow instead
To be a sight to fear."

Our hero said his thanks, and sped To seek the busy street; And then he fanned, on every hand, The rich he chanced to meet. Some in the throng that passed along, Grew noses like a beam; Some grew so small, that none at all Were able to be seen.

The wealthy vexed, and sore perplexed At what had come to pass, Abhorred the sight, yet day and night They sought the looking glass.

The man with fans matured his plans, And rented him a place, Where for a hoard could be restored The beauty of the face.

The patients soon, in darkened room, By magic words he spoke, And use of fans, in his skilled hands, Found that the spell was broke.

Our hero rolled in wealth untold, And dressed in raiment fine, And feasted till he had his fill Of viands rare, and wine.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.



There was an old laborer, ages ago,
Returning from work sad and weak;
He sat by a pool, which reflected below
His poor wrinkled visage expressive of woe;
The face in the pool seemed to speak.

He stooped to the water, and took a long draught, His wrinkles all vanished away; He felt himself young, and he joyously laughed, And stooping once more to the water he quaffed, His hair changed to raven from grey.

With heart full of joy, he burst in at his door;
His wife did not know him until
He told how he sat by the spring, weak and sore,
And how he was changed. She could listen no more,
She must go there and drink to her fill.

Receiving directions, she hastened away,
To find the blest fountain of youth;
She drank, but returned not at close of the day.
Her husband astonished at her long delay,
How followed to find out the truth.

He found a wee babe on the brink of the spring,
The infant, indeed was his wife,
Who taking too much of an excellent thing,
Had flown back through youth, like a bird swift of wing,
To the very beginning of life

ART'S TRIUMPH.



An artist living in Japan
Once painted with such skill
Some horses, that these creaturs ran
Forth from the screen to fill
Themselves with fodder in the night.
This must have been a wondrous sight.

Some one suggested as a last
Resort, that they should tie
These living equines firm and fast;
And this, of course, is why
A rope was added to the scene,
To hold the steeds upon the screen.

A priest named Kogi, people say,
Drew fish which chanced to fall
Into Lake Biwa, and away
These fish both large and small
Went swimming, perfectly content,
To be in their new element.

Another artist, it is said,
Once painted rats so true
To nature, that these rodents fled
When the priest came to view
The picture. Great was his surprise,
He hardly could believe his eyes.

And still another painted cats—
This must have been the mate
To the above—These caught the rats
And actually ate
These vermin. This indeed was art,
Which in these days is lost in part.

FÖXES.



Foxes everywhere are cunning, But the species found in Nippon Had a most extraordinary Influence, like that of witches Once so potent in New England.

Hen-roosts frequently were raided By these poultry loving prowlers; But these mid-night depredations Were as nothing to the baneful Influence they had on people.

They would sometimes change their nature, And appear as human beings, Talk with people, and then leave them Foolish or perhaps demented, Therefore people feared to meet them. One dark night a soldier passing Through a forest, met a woman Young and beautiful. He thinking She might be a fox determined To protect himself from evil.

"Pray protect me through the forest,"
Said the fair one. "Though to your eyes
I appear to be a woman,
As a fox the dogs behold me.
Slay them if they come too near me!"

Though suspicious, he consented, And when dogs came barking at them, Two or three were put to silence. Safe they reached a little village Just before the day was breaking.

Then the woman asked permission To reward her brave companion With a breakfast at the tavern, Which she willingly would furnish In return for valiant service.

He could not resist her pleading, So a sumptuous meal was ordered For the two. Our hero freely Drank the rice-wine of the country, Till his mind was somewhat clouded. Then as daylight was approaching, From her purse the fair one taking Some persimmon seeds, presented These to her companion, saying; "These are just as good as money."

"These seem seeds to you, but others Will as precious gold behold them. If I stay until the sun-rise, I must take the form and nature Of the fox, so sayonara."

Dazed, he put them in his pocket, Said, "Good bye," and then continued For a time to sip his saké, Called for his account and offered Three persimmon seeds in payment.

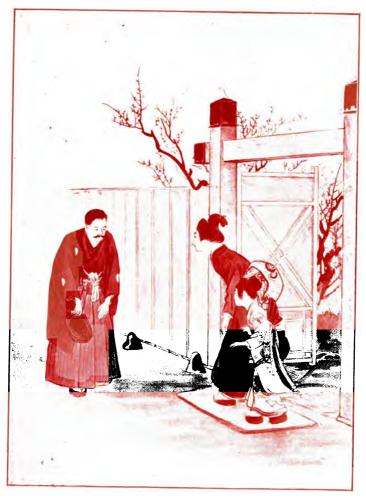
But the waiter laughing, answered; "Give me money. Cease your joking." But the samurai persisted
That the seeds were legal tender,
Though at last he paid in coin.

Thus a fox in shape of woman Gained protection through the forest, And a breakfast in the bargain, Stole her comrades' brains and money, Left him daft. Beware of foxes!

"SAYONARA."



"Sayonara," since it must be, But the word is hard to say; "Sayonara," since it must be, We will hope to meet some day Where the people never say, "Sayonara."



"Sayonara, since it must be, But the word is hard to say."

NOTES.

註

The Spirit of Yamato.

an incense-laden prayer 香を焚いて **移ぐる祈藤** 莊殿なる。

"It is sweet.......fly." は「大君の 逸にこそ死なめ, あだに は 死 な じ」の意。

quickly fall いさぎよく散る。 speak of death 死といふことに就い て默示する。

"We relinquish......breeze." は櫻 花のいさぎよく散るを詠じたる 古歌。

Creation of Japan.

是れ伊邪那岐、伊邪那美雨神が高 御産靈神の命を奉じ天の 浮橋に 立ち天の 逆鉾を以つて探り賜ひ しに鉾満髪つて オノコロジマ即 日本國となれりといふ 日本創造 の傳記を詠じたるものなり。

floating bridge 空檔。

to be 存在する。

lance 投槍即ち逆鉾のことなり。

matchless chain of isles 比類なき一帶の島嶼。

jeweled spear 天の遊鉾は珠玉を織めたる製作なる故いふ。

The Birth of the Gods.

是れ亦古事記に 説く如く伊邪那岐 伊邪那美の二神が オノコロ島に 止まりて 結婚をなし日月星辰の 諸神及素盞嗚尊, 水蛭・子を生み たることを詠ぜしものなり。

Sacred to many since then 其後人 々なみて神聖なる所とせり。

Kirishima's ridge 霧島ケ嶽。

So lately awakened from chaos and night 運池暗黒の狀態より今じも現出したばかりなる。

"So meet such a lovely companion is sweet!"「美(ウマ)し男に達っり」。

love had beginning 無愛の初, 結婚の初め。

a scape-grace 厄介物。

The Pouting Sun-Goddess.

Sun-goddess 天照大神。 Sat at her loom 機を織つて居た。 vexations brother 悪戯好きな弟(紫 連鳴撃)。

reeking 過氣の立つてる。
pout 意聴する、スネる。
adamant tomb 硬き塞、天の磐月。
coax 媚び決ふ。
mirror 即ち八咫鏡。
her charms to disclose 矯態を登輝
する。

glee 數書 mirth 數樂。 a god with strong arms 手力維尊 punishment dire 時間。

kingdom of woes「鶸の園」。

Susano Kills the Dragon.

是れ素盞嗚尊が 出霊骸ノ川の上流 にて八頭の大蛇を退治し 器霊劇 を獲たりせいふ譚を 詠じたるも のなり。

pate 頭。

they は其地方の人民なり彼等は大蛇の為めに脅され (appalled) たるが故に尊を迎って保護を依頼したり。

desperate raids 猛烈なる侵入。

Hercules は希臘神話中の勇士、十二 の武勇談を以つて有名なり、幼 時大蛇を腕にて 絞殺したりとい ふ。

St. George 亦勇士にして武勇の守 護神として厚巣せらる、悪蛇退 治を以つて名あり。

The Emperor's Three Treasures.

是れ島祖天照大神の 皇孫瓊瓊摩を 高天原より我が國に 遺し玉ふ 時 授くるに三種の 神實を以てせさ せ玉ひしを詠じたるものなり。

swinging bridge 浮橋。

represent the gods of early sway. 以前に 君臨し給ひたる神々を代 表する。

which curious art displayed. 巧妙 に出來たる。

The sun-goddess these treasures three gave to.... = the sun-goddess gave these three treasures to.....

bears resemblance to me. わが面 影を止む。

deal with those who friendly prove to thee. 和順なる者共を懐けよ。 the heritage of each. 代々の資。

The Emperor's Flower.

chrysanthemum 獺(この語は邦語の 「禁程さんの御紋」より轉訛して 作られたものとの説あれざも 信 じ難し)。

The Thunder God.

The thunder god 雷神。 plays 奏す、太皷を打つ。

arch of drums 俗間に見る雷神の圖 に其背上に arch 形をなして數 多の太皷を荷へるを見ん。

vivid, blinding light 活々とした眼をくらまさん許りの光。

The Wind God.

exit 袋の内より風の出ることをい ふ。

from zephyrs to the raging blasts 微風より烈風に至るまで(如何なる程度の風をも自由自在に)。

Cause of Earthquakes.

cat-fish 社。 free 逃げる。

Nature Worship.

是れ日本人の常に 自然物例へば山 川艸木の 如きるのを崇敬するを 以て詩的思想に 馴致せられたる 日本國民の美點にして 他の善く 親ひ知る能はざる 思想を有する に依れるを詠じたるもの。

the Shinto gods 神 (基督教の所謂 神に對して我が 神道にいふ神を 區別せんためかくいふ)。

thrills their souls with poetry 空以 下海に至るまで總ての物が 日本 人に對しては詩的の 事物のやう に思はれて其精神を 穿つが如く 感ぜしむ。

in sacred language 神聖にして犯すべからざる言葉にて。

those who......be expressed 常に 富士山頭を眺むる者即ち 日本人 民は善く筆紙口舌を以て表はす 能はざる思想を有す。

The Emperor's Birthday.

happy bells 西洋では吉凶共化寺 院等で鎌を打ちて慶吊の 意を表 す。ここにいふはその吉事の 鐵 である。

"Long live the King 天皇階下萬歲。

Banzai 萬歳、日本語をその**僅採れ** るなり。

this western shore サンフランシスコのこと。

the one whom we adore 者人の愛慕 する人即ち日本天皇陛下。

with heart-felt mirth 衷心の悦び。 Mikado's Realm みかざの國即ち日 本帝國。

the Golden Gate サンフランシスコ の港口にあり。

The Good Emperor.

spoke 表して居たり。 his own=his own trouble. plenty 生活上鉄く所なく資力充實 せること。

his own = his own welfare.
"My people.....my pride." 「民の

宮は朕の宮なり」。

The Girls' Day.

是れ我が國の雛の節句を 詠じたる もの。

the third of the third month 三月三日。

great, great grandmother 高祖母。 year by year 年々。 brocade 錦襴。 the throne 人形天皇の玉座 (離嫌の 物座のこと)。

for a call 訪問に。

The Boys' Day.

基れ我が端午の節句を 詠じたるも の。

the fifth of the fifth month 五月五 $\Pi_{\,\circ}$

in plainest language 最も分りよき 音葉即寅物にて。

"arm for conflict"武器。

sword like iris plants 菖蒲太刀をさ す。

the carp.....rapids 鯉の濾登りと解 して鯉はよく激流に 堪へて泳ぐ せいふ 傳 就 あるよりかくい ふ。

The Seventh Night.

基れ我が七夕 (たなばた) の祭を詠 とたるもの。

what was called the seventh month 所謂七月(即ち舊曆七月のこと)。

in fancies bright 娘時代の美しき 空想。

The morning-glory one is called, and one the weaver star 一方は豪牛 星と云ひ一方は穢女星と云ふ。

to honor these 此二星を配るために。

were set up, near and far 遠近に立 てられる。

he longings of their gentle heart や さしい心の熱質。

"Bon," or the Feast of

足れ我が孟蘭盆會に就さて 詠じた るもの。

the feast of lanterns 提灯祭即ち盂 蘭盆の祭のこと。

a famous priest of Buddha 佛教の高僧。

the land of hades 冥道黃泉。 spirit friends 亡き友の魂。 their former homes 生前の家。 their former habitations 同上。 the welcome fires 迎ひ火。 vegetable foods 精進料理。 the dear departed なつかしき死者。 the booming of the temple bell 寺院 の錐の置ったる音。

Match-Making.

是れ例年九月には 八百萬の 神逸出 雲の大社に 楽りて 男女縁結びに 就きて評定すといへる 傳説を詠 せたるもの。

Macth-Making 謀動, 縁結び the believers in the Shinto faith 神 道信者。

earthly mortals 下界の人, この世の人間。

in the year その年に。

What.....for lovers! 神が縁を結ん で下さるか 如何と思へば 棚にこ がる 3 人達は實に 心配ならざる を得す。

the disciples 神の門弟即ち神道信者を指す。

those by god.....to sunder 神の定

めたる妹背中は人間は 何うして も破ること能はず。

The Ceremonial Tea, or Tea Ceremony.

six hundred years or so ago 六百年 そこそこも以前。

things 事々物々皆。

they (第三節冒頭にある) 日本人全 體を指す。

each other taking part 各人皆これ に加はりて(誰れも皆文學美術を 談に詩歌を作り或はこれにあづ かることをいふ)。

never.....their tea 茶の湯をしながら世間唯はせぬ。

set the pace 茶の湯の法を定めたり。

for you and me 我等外國人の爲め に。

all sipped.....one great bowl 一同 曽一つの大なる椀より 茶を吸り 合ふ(濃茶の飲み廻し式をいふ)。 a fragrant font 上の行の one great bowl の apposition なり, font は 基督教徒が洗 醴の式に用ふる普 遜大理石にて造りたる水 盤のこ せにてこうにはこれを茶の 湯に 用ふる椀にたとへたるなり。

where soul set soul 各人の心と心と この腕の内にて相觸れ合ふ。

Masamune's Swords.

welded his own self 自分の魏を鍛 へ込む。

wrought = worked.

making those who.....when they gaze 夏徹は寒き氷の双。

sons of Mars 武士の意, Mars は古代羅馬の軍神の名なり。 unnicked 双とぼれせぬ。 unscarred 双もかけぬ。 unmarred 双を傷けぬ。

The Samurai's Children.

when but five 僅に五歳に達すれ ば。 they 世人一般を指す。 checkerboard 碁盤。 fortune's buffets 運命の激減。 a keen dagger bright = a bright keen dagger.

A Japanese Belle.

a flower 美人の意なり。 Hana San 花さん(美人の名)。 pose 歌號。 beaux (beau の復數) 伊達男, しや れ男。 it turned......beaux 多くのしやれ男 をして見かへらしむ raven locks 漆里の影。 her forehead......cone 所謂富士額の ことをいふ。 her eyes.....night 黒目膀の眼のこ とをいふ。 all considered......lay お花さんの魏 歌を唄ふを聞くを以て非 常なる 数待を受くると爲さいるものな La this girl beyond the western sea DE の海の彼岸(即ち日本國)に於け るこの値。

charm 人をして恍惚たらしむる魔力。

anywhere.....the sun 太陽の下即 ちこの地球上の何れの所にも。

A Japanese Nobleman's Dream.

in youth 少年の頃。
my later years 我が晩年。
pitfall 陪弊(おとしあな)。
one—one of the pitfalls.
getting out 出づる。
my living rope 命の細即ち令撃ち
つるる程のこと。

I would have time 息がその縄を噛 切るまでにはまた時間がから る。

chisel teeth 整(のみ) の如き歯。 gone were.....relief 今度は助かる 手段が全く無い。

tried to reason out 論究せんとせ り。 ife's rugged way 浮世の喩しき道。

Japanese Wall Decorations.

wall decorations 掛輪(かけじ)。
their picture......their mind 日本人
の繪画は日本人の思想を表はせ
る言語の如きるのなり。

a bit of spring 春の小景 philomela = nightingale. proper way 通常のこと、あたりま へのこと。

western lands 泰西の諸國。

Japanese Art.

the small-pox 天然痘 every little duty.....his heart 如何 なる整額なことにも心をこめて気せり。

as could be 有り能ふ限りの, この 上もない。

form and features **妻形**(すがた,かた ち)。

perhaps......is best この日本流の書き 力 が 能く最 夏 のものなるべし。

The Three Monkeys.

cunningly 巧みに。 like manner 同じ方法にて。 might be ruined 失策を仕出かし勝 ちなり。

that.....might know=that all might know of this danger.

Japanese Dreams of the Home Land.

the Inland Sea 内海。 bestudded with its lovely isles 多く の眺め面白き島が恰も飾鈿組(か ざりぼたん)を以て飾りたるやう に内海を飾りて。

though......five thousand miles 今作 者五千里を 距るその本國亞米利 加に在るを以てかくいふ。

'tis hard to tell 口能く言ふ能はす。 their witchery of beauty 概花の美 の人を覧る力。

feathered songsters 花間に鳴く鳥類 を指す。

carols 歌樂の歌(鳥の聲をたとへたるなり)。

azaleas 躑躅 (つきじ)。

thee, thy 總て日本國を指す。 gleno 谿(たにま)。 our home 本國即ち米國をさす。

Japanese Half Century of Progress.

glancing back fifty years 五十年の 者を回顧すれば。

fifty three 一千八百五十三年 (Perry 我が浦賀に始めて來航し たる年)。

Knocked loud at the door 日本の門 月を高く打つ(開國を促したることをさす)。

western reform 泰西の新しき風。 who fashed out......to men 雷火を 放ちて人間の事業を破壞するを ことらしたるもの。

now.....they save 現今に至りては 人間はその (雷即ち電氣の) 力を 取付けてこれをして人間の為め に働くこと奴隷の 如くならしめ 同時に人間自らの力を 節約する ことを 得る やうに 為 せり (こ この they, their は reople をさ す)。

ship of the line 大砲七十四門以上 を装置せる大軍艦。

this land 米國をさす。

Great Britain, her present ally 現今の同盟者たる大英國。

she, her (第三節以下の)總で日本を さす。

were then hardly worthy the name 當時は學校と名付くるだけの 價 値なかりき。

as mushrooms do after the rain 兩後の菌(きのこ)の如く續々と。

her sons 日本人を指す。
in return 競フて、反對に、
on that side the ball 一轉して。
keep to the right 正義を固執して。
thine emblem the ascending sun 日
の丸の族を指す。

when the full century rounded **殘り** の半世紀が過ぐる頃には。 shall be......thee 地球上の在らゆる 國民が汝 (日本人) を謳歌するや うにせよ。

Japanese Legends and Historical Events.

Urashima.

Hinomoto 日の本即ち日本國を指 す。

the reign of Shoguns 封建時代。 offspring 苗裔。

strong......Urashima 浦島は血氣の 男となれり。

frail craft 破れ易き船。

his oars he rested he rested his oars.

such asare never 地上では央し て見ることを得ざる如き。 the son of ocean 浦島を指す。

our hero この詩篇の主人公即ち浦 島。

free from trouble = with no trouble.
Vainly did......to leave her 妻の王
女は浦島に其處を 去らざるやう
切に願ひたれざも無益なりき 即
ち少しも聞入れられざりき。

She..... gave him=She gave him a little casket.

'gainst = against.

morn = morning (多く詩篇に用ふる語)。 a purple spirit 紫色の氣。 lines of beauty 美しき身體中の筋。 to this day 今日に至るまで。

Daruma.

Nirvana 涅槃(梵語)、 園端清浄出離 煩鬱の意を有する語。 Iand of dreamless sleep 無念無意の 地。 sat cross-legged 坐譚を組む。 all the earthly passion 一切の煩惱。 died 消滅した

The Six Jizo.

freed from sin 悪魔を逃れた。

the guardian spirits 守りの佛。
land of hades 冥土,常暗(とこやみ)の國。
'tis skattd......といふことである。
work out 骨を折て働く。
in tote そつくり。
early blessing 前世の幸福。
darlings loved and lost なつかしき
死したる我が子。

Masashige Kusunoki.

who of all the brave was bravest 在 らゆる勇者中の最勇者は誰か。 one Kusunoki 楠木と申す者。 the house of Ashikaga 足利の一黨。 in command 大將の地位に。 had his advice been followed 正成の 申り通りになさるならば。 was pitted 挑戦した。 overwhelmed and vanquished 打貨かされて。
hara-kiri 腹切り (既に英語の如くにして用ひらる5日本語の一つなり)。
roll of honor 系圖。
untarnished 家名を汚さす。
to live for the Mikado 天皇の御鳥
めに蓋くすこと。
seven lifetimes......he conquered 七
生報君恩の意。

Ikukyu, the Buddhist Sage. a royal monk.高位の僧。

the spunk 熱大の如き性質。
for any age 如何なる時代にも。
or what you wish 即ち汝等世人の
好む所のもので。
for every page 一休の言行を縫せ
るもの3中何れの頁に於ても。

Tool every page 一木の言行を践せるもの3 中何れの頁に於ても。 since time began, or ever mother bore この世開闢以來人間の生れ 出でたる以後。

The Priest's Sacrifice. for meditation 沈思默考して道を究

めんが為めに。
abode 留つて居た。
as though rejoicing さながら相悦
び合へるが如くにて。
in order that......せんが為めた。
might grow in virtue 効験あるもの
たることを得て。
his people 其僧の門弟及歸依の人
や。

not to follow out the custom その風 習に從はざるやう。 said = the pecple said.
give up 見楽てる
forth he led 導いた。
simple box 粗末な箱。
his richest vestments 彼の最貴重な
る衣(ころも)。

holy texts 經文。 Him 常に capital letter にて 記す、 Christ を指す。

Adventures of Hayakawa.

基れ尼子の十勇士山中 鹿 之介早川 鮎之介等を詠じたるもの。

damming back 堰さ止める。 he called him to his service 山中は其 臣下に早川を召しからへた。

as a knight 勇士なりとして。 his comrades, ten in number 十人の 同僚。

sake 酒。

torture 拷問。

Morri's Castle 毛利氏の居城。

thinking.....his portion 屹度死ぬと 思つて。

save Hayakawa 早川を除く外の。 called in Japanese Ryu-o 日本語で は龍王といふ。

you may imagine their surprise 漁夫 共の驚きは如何様であつたか讃 者は想像し得ん。

as from slun.ber 假睡 (まざろみ) から覺めたものら如く。、

the stranger 網に掛て來た人。 one thing certain 上の事實の員為は

確かでないが唯一つ下のことだけは確に事實である。

once again その後再び。

Kano, the Lightning Artist.

the lightning artist ずばしてい書 家。

his school 狩野派。

as babies will 一般の赤下がする通 りた。

abundant means 豐かな財産 screens 屏風。

et cetera = and so forth (etc. と略書する語)。

poodle 毛の長い犬。

ereto think 何をするのか何人 も考へ及ばぬ前に。

pullet **化雞の雛。** in a jiffy **瞬間に**。

Kiku's Spirit.

Kiku's Spirit お猫の幽難。

trusted.....in number 御殿様より數

の丁度十枚ある御饗惠用の 黄 金 の皿ー組をお預り申して居た。

the maiden's winning manr er お薬の深き御愛頓を受くる働作。

some say 人々風就して。

be this as it may それかあらぬか。 one with courage ある豪膽の者。

an insect entered ある蟲に乗り移遷 つた。

and then repeating 九までの計算が 濟むとまた 始 めから繰り返へし て。

Araki, the Fencer.

put down 斃す。 a human victim 人身御供、人間の機 (いけにへ)。 by lot 幸化。

the spirit は Mountain god をさす。
the only daughter は直ちた of one 云々の次の行に續き「男の子とては特た四男の一人類」の意。it would seem は始めの the spirit growing 云々の前に置き it would seem that the spirit 云々として解するがよし。

played her part 自分の為すべきこ とだけはした。

a Buddhist book 經文。

Death's cold dart「死」の冷かなる投 館(死ぬといふことを人格にた とへ、死ぬることをその「死」と いふ人が投銷を放つにたとった のである。

"Your lifeso orders 汝の生命 は「運命」の意志が左嫌に命じて 居るのであるから棄てなく て は ならない。

"'Tis better.....and great." 愚頭々々して朽ち果てんよりは衆の為めに死ぬ方が餘程よい。

ark 神前の匣。

hied 急いだ。

if they.....ransom be 若し人々が自 分の言を聞き入れて娘を逃がし てやるならば自分は悦んで其身 替りにならう。

take her place 娘に代りて。 then and there 現場で。

A Test of Love.

any where, earth air or sea 地から でも空からでも海からでも何處 からでも。 sweet heart 戀女。 | be it even 假合......にもせよ。 | dolphins 観(しゃちほこ)。 | five stories high 五重 (五階) の高さ | なる。

this samurai bold = this bold samurai.

as well as the bird 島と同じく。 in the dead of the night 夜陰に。 a favoring gale 都合のよい疾風。 without any ground for pardon 助か

る餘地なきまでに。

dressed in her best 在らん限りの整 数を写して。 geisha 藝者。

geisna 藝者。 lest 然らざれば。

the hardy plum 霜雪を皮ぐ梅。

Japanese Favorite Flowers, Trees and Birds.

The Plum.

to brave the cold 寒氣に堪ゆる。 the pathto victory 梅は勝利の 道を示す様に思はれる。 blooms amid the snow 雪中にて花 咲く。

The Latus.

its chastened beauty 其の純粹の美。 in spite of......に拘らず。 the stagnant pond 淀んだ池。 in your environment 汝の如き周圍 狀况の内にありて。

Morning-Glories.

morning-glories 朝顏。

when they awake 其関く時。
one by one 一つ々々順大に。
flowery horn 花の盃(朝顔の花の盃
に似たるよりいふ)。
the day is born 夜が明ける。
the Sunrise Kingdom's sunrise flower
日の出の國 (日本國のこと)の日
の出の花(朝顔をいふ)。

The Chrysanthemum.

the rear-ward guard 殿兵(しんがり へい)。 cover the retreat その退いた (即ち 散つた) 跡を受けて。

The Cherry.

is grown for beauty alone 唯美なる に依りてのみ存す。 "a lesson.....will not last." 我等如 き美は永續すべきものにあらず といふ教訓をこの世の人に 授け るのだ。

at their master's call 主命に懸じて。 their feudal lord 世襲の君。 the spirit of Yamato 日本魂。

Maples.

close of day 日暮。 to wave good night 來らんとする良 き夜を合同する。

The Wistaria.

is ambitious 機ちでも伸び巌がる故 にかくいふ。 is nothing......of pride 少くも高ぶ れる風色はない(常に頭をたれる 如く下に蔓をたれて居る故に か くいふ)。

instead #117.

a picture.....anywhere 恐く何處に 往てもこれ以上の立派な圖を見 付けることは出來まい。

The Iris.

its boys' great day 男兒に大切な日 (橘午の節句をいふ)。 no wonder 軽しむに足らず。 thatch 屋根を茸く材料となる藁又 は茅の頼をいふ。

The Bamboo.

joints 節 (ふし)。" spite of all = in spite of a good example よき手本。

The Pine.

strand 濱邊(詩にのみ用ふる語)
to bear lives of hardship anywhere
何れにありてもよく浮世の苦を 堪へ忍ぶべきやう。
aiways......cheer 常に充分に生々と
心地よげにして。

The Willow.

a tree that yield しなやかなる木。
for this この撓めざも折れざる點
を。
long to be......by the lake 湖畔の柳
に 做はしめんことを望んで居る。

The Pecny.

the peony 牡丹 a gargeous flower 選手な花。 in satin dressed 網子の着物を着た やうで。

the peacock.....with the prony 孔 雀と牡丹は附物だ。

both love show どちらも挙美なる 観を賞す。

The Pomegranate.

pomegranate 柘榴 (さくろ)。 it heart その内部。

so.....do part それと同じく高慢な 人は皆口を開けば。

to hide were art 際さなくてはならない。

so say the samurai 武士は皆上の如 く言つて居る。

The Tender Feeling of Japanese for Flowers.

bucket 釣瓶(つるべ)。 loose her hold I cannot, = I cannot loose her hold,

The Perfect Flower.

an open lotus 開ける遠。
for a throne 佛の座として。
this emblem 佛像を指す。
a singlesness of aim 目的を一にす
べきこと。
for food 食料として。

A Japanese Nightingale.

I can recall 作者が今思ひ出すこと のできる。 a blossoming spray 花の小枝、

a blossoming spray 花の小枝。 at intervals 関を隔てる。

as it sings not......wrong 夜間は鳴かないのだからその nightingale といふ名は變に聞へる。

The Lark.

at least.....the people say よし上に いふことが事實でないとするも 兎に角世人は左様言つて居るの だ。

The Swallow.

messengers divine 神の使者。 in their ire 憤怒したまひて。 these servants of the skies 燕を指 す。

angels in disguise 假りに変をやつ せる天使の御來臨 (angels' の夫 にvisits を省略してあるものと見 て解すればよし)。

The Hototogisu.

the hototogisu 杜鵑 (ほとらぎす)。
the shadowy land of the spirit 何處
とも知れぬ常暗 (とこやみ) の
國。
the mountain of Shide 死出 (して)
の山。
the spirit river 三途川。

this songster 杜鵑を指す。 "Ghost welcoming bird" 蜀魂(ほ とゝぎす)。

The Crane.

paid.....his life その難としてその 命を取られた。

A Japanese 日本人は離れる皆。

To the Eagle.

mid the storm 暴風の中を。 a bird of prey 肉食の猛鳥。

Reverence for Age.

beyond the western seas 泰西諸國と 超えて。

gray hair 白髪 (老人を指す)。

Japanese Scenery.

Matsu-shima.

the pine clad isles 松島。 though skilled in language 機ら言葉 巧みに述べても。

this is......could say 總ての詩人は これ以上巧みに述ぶること は出 來ない。

thee 松島に對して言ふ。 a country filled with lovely scenery 日本國を指す。

Kegon Waterfall.

Kegon no Taki 華殿の瀧。 its home 瀧口。

its mother in the skies 造化の神を いふ。

Is that......sighs? その呻 (うめ) き 泣く音 (瀧の音をいふ) をなすは かく落ちて怪我をしたからな のであるか。

stunned it seems 瀧の水は眩目した やうた。

tears of diamond spray 金剛石の小 粒のやうな涙。

Fuji San

matchless mountain 並ぶものなき 山。

the perfect number of the months and days expressed 富士山の高さ が 12,365 feet で丁度一年の月數 と日數通りであるからかく いふのである。

with age 老年になつて。

they perfect symmetry 富士山の形のよく均齊を得て居ることをい

Have You Seen It ?

I assure you 確に、必ず。

what it possibly might be 間者は it とのみいふが全體何を指して it といつて居るのか。

had hidden 今まで隠して居つた。 in rapture 恍惚として。

是れ富士山の景他に比ぶるものなきを事實に證明したもので彼の「日光を見ねば結構を言ふな」といふと同じ理屈で唯"Have you seen it?"といっぱ勿論その it は富士山のことを解する程だといふことを詠じたものなり。

Reflection of Fuji San in Lake Hakone.

the glassy surface 函根の湖面の静かなること鏡に似て居るといふ よりかくいふ。 in outline 輪廓は。 the picture 湖面に映ぜる宮土山の 園。

Lake Biwa.

a land where all is fair 日本國を指 す。 a lute 琵琶。 mirror 水面を指す。 changing with the changing sky 空 が變ると共に水色も變る。 in thy moods, both vexed and smiling, thou art charming to the eye 荒れる時も緩かな時も人の 目を樂ます。 opalescent 蛋白光の。 thou art pearl of lakes 汝は湖の巨魁 である。

The Inland Sea.

as it were 云は と。

in great diversity 大に参考して。
so steep that not a living thing can keep its hold 動物が離り付くことも出来ないほど喰しい。
is animated 生々として居る。
strange design 風變りの。
in a procession 列をなして。
the graceful hills 秀麗なる丘陵。
range after range 連山また連山。
undying fame through all the ages will abide 萬世汚れざる名を止めん。

Nikko.

"kekko"結構。 a buddhist nun 尼。 nature and art both performing a part my sire 父つさん。

自然と技術とが訪共に巧を捉らして。

azalea

thrills the soul with the keenest delight 数喜の極端をすくすくせしめる。

fall 秋。

Its beauty can never be told 其美云 ひ知らす。

Humorous Poems.

The Prize Poem.

the prize poem 懸賞の歌。 bonze 信 (邦語の「坊主」より轉化 したる語)。 the finest throma 馬士澤も新

the finest rhyme 最立波な歌。 the subject 詩題。

brush .

when I think of him who gave 下さった御方のことを思い出しては。 one poor pear 唯一つのけらな梨。 head from eff his shoulders 首と脳と

を別々に。 the pear hurled = hurled the pear.

The Farmer and Looking-Glass,

within a frame 鏡の枠の中に。
some yen 若干圏にて。
foreign thing 舶來品。
at any hour 何時でも。
shared his life 生涯を共にせる。
her peace of mind was o'er 彼女の穩
かであつた心は聞れて來た。
a buddhist nun 尼。

with shaven head 頭髪をそつて。 as I live 私と同じ姿の。 she in this way.....she has done か く剃髪して自分の為したる 悪事 に僕はんとして居る。

٠.

4

found each other three 三人とも居った。

a wicked snare 悪銭なる誘惑物。

Quid Pro Que.

quid pro quo 返報がへし。
with all his heart 心から。
with cash to part 代金を拂ふこと
を。
dish of rice 飯を盛つた鉢,
a savory smell 甘い香。
in his mind was eating ells 心では
競を食て居るつもりで居た。
the restaurator......around 競量で
は勘定書を作て競の鳴ぎ 賃を請
求した。
by the crash 金のがちやりといふ音
で。
paid for smell with sound 金の音を
以て香の代を拂つた(即 ち音を

The Three Travelers,

なり)。

聞かせたのみで正金は拂はざる

この詩材思ふに十返舎一九の 膝栗 毛より出でたるものならん。 three strangers chanced to meet 互 に初對面の男三人偶然出會した。 viands rare 珍しい御馳走。 gave pedigree......all right 各自分の 怪しい者でないことを證する為 め自分の家柄を話した。

beats all cities in Japan 日本中の總 ての都市に勝る。 passed it round それを人々の間に 廻した。 their way 日本人の風習。 製造を以て関ゆる町より來た田 含漢 (即ち蝨に氷砂糖を出して 自慢した男のこと)。 deprived of sleep 鼾の爲めに睡眠を さまたげられて。 these quasi friends 他の二人をい ۵, the hidden tin 量に片付けたる鍵。 the basket nigh あたりにある行 李。 they know not how 不思議や。 out of sight 見へない所へ。 flint and steel 燧石と燧金と。 upon my life 大變だ。 I am, indeed undone! 真に困つてし まつた。

The Magic Fans.

a god of wood 木像。
spurned the incense burned 常の佛の
やうに香をたかれることを嫌っ
た。
in his dismay 忙然として。
to his cry 彼れの哀頼をば。
as well as 井に。
in either hand a fan 一本の國扇を
関手で持つて。
this fan of red この國扇の赤色の
方。
to seek the busy street 眼しき町に

てその顧客をもとめんと。

the rich he chanced to meet 甘く出 連つた富人を。

were able to be seen 見られるか見られない位。

the patients 鼻を傷けられた人々を いふ。

found that...... は第一行の The patients soon より直ちに續くも のにて其間の句は挿句として解すればよし。

the spell was broke 妖術解けて鼻の 奮形に復せること。

feasted......and wine 珍しい御馳走 や酒を充分に 滿 足が往くまで備 って樂んで居つた。

Too Much of a Good Thing.

too much of a good thing 過ぎたる は猶ほ及ばざるが如しの意。

his poor wrinkled visage その哀れ な皺の寄つた相貌。

took a long draught 永い間飲みに飲 んだ。

quaffed 鯨飲した。

raven 艷々とした漆黑色。

receiving directions 道順を聞いて。 brest fountain of youth 不老泉、再 び少年にかっしてくれる靈泉。

to find out the truth 様子を見つけんと。

a wee babe 小さな赤ン坊。
taking too much 飲み過でして。
a bird swift of wing 異の達者な鳥。
the very beginning of life 夏の赤ン
坊。

Art's Triumph.

ran forth 脱けて出た。

to fill themselves with folder 飼料 を得んが為めた。

equines 馬。

steeds 馬。

people say 世に傳ふ。

to be in their new element 新しき範 国 (即ち琵琶湖) に住まんこと を。

so true to nature 真に生きて居るばかりの。

rcdents 経動動物即ち鼠。

this must have been......to the above この書家も上節の鼠を書いた 書 家と好一對の名人であつたに 相 達ない。

vermin 厭はしき小動物(例へは鼠 蠅の如き)。

in these days is lost in part 今日に 於ては幾分か亡くなつて居る。

Foxes.

hen-roosts 雞の。

roultry loving prowlers 雛を愛する 奪掠者(狐をさす)。

mid-night depredations 夜中の分揃。 were as not being to..... on people 人に及ぼす魔力に比すべく もあ らず。

appear as human beings 人間に化ける。

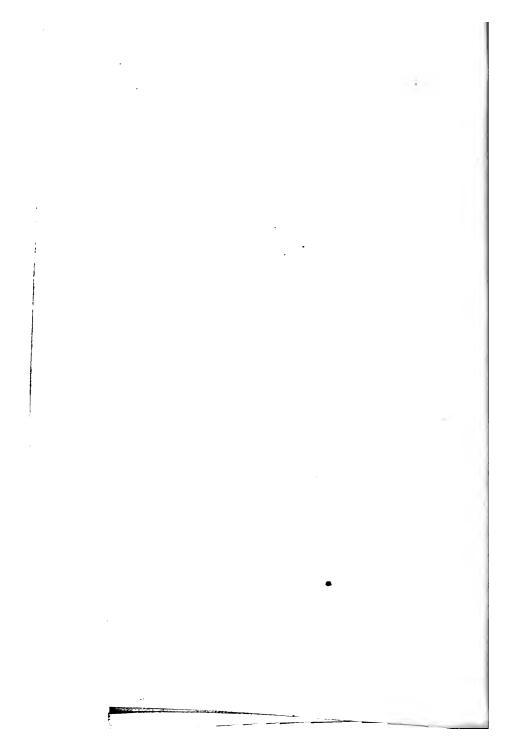
demented 本心を奪ひ去りて。 were put to silence 鎖まらせられた。 her brave companion 武士をさす。
avern 居酒屋。
in return 御禮に。
a sumptuous meal 大層な御馳走。
the rice-wine of the country 日本酒
のこと。
somewhat clouded 稍ざんよりとす
る。
"these areas money" 金と同
様に通ります。
so sayonara ですからお分れ申しま
す。

called for his account 勘定を命じ た。 cease your joking 鹹淡はおよしな さい。 legal tender 通貨。 in the bargain 加之、おまけに

Sayonara.

sayonara さよなら。 since it must be 止むを得ず。 is hard to say 云ふのは辛らい。





明 明 治三十八年九月十三治三十八年九月 十 1日發行

> 定 價

複 不

即 FP 刷 刷 所 者

木

村

作

行 者

發

艑

輯

者

安

孫

子

貞 治

狼

田 中

源

東京市麴町區有樂町三丁目一番地

東京市麴町區有樂町三丁目一番地 東京市日本橋區兜町二番地 東京市日本橘區兜町二番地 東京印刷株式會社 樂 祉

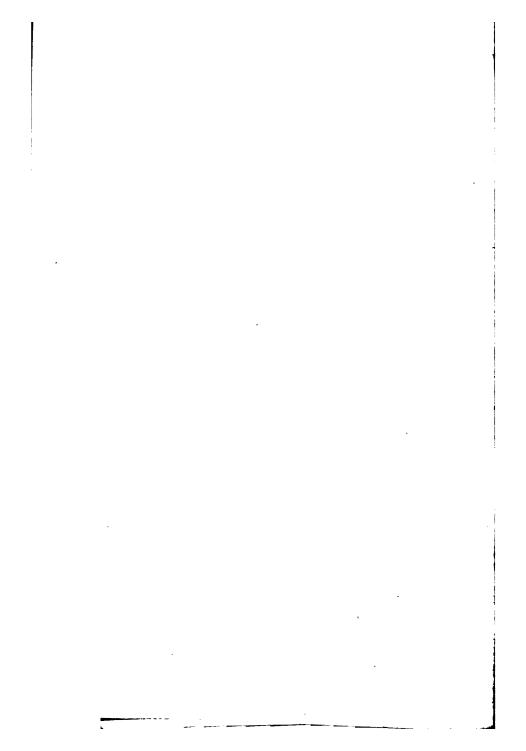
發

行

所

有

金壹



. ·

To renew the charge, book must be brought to the deske.

TWO WEEK BOOK

DO NOT RETURN BOOKS ON SUNDAY

DATE DUE

Form 7079 6-52 30M S



